

THE BEVERLY HILLS COCAINE DIET

HIGH TIMES

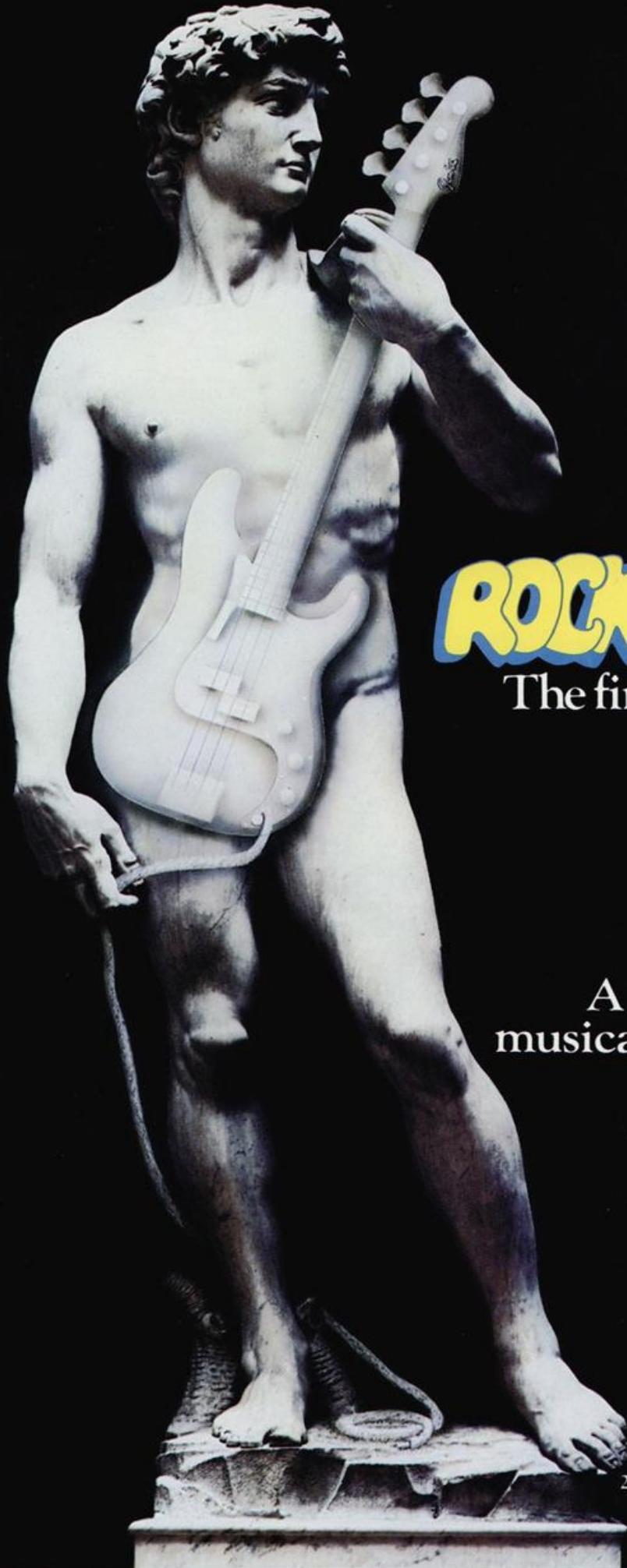
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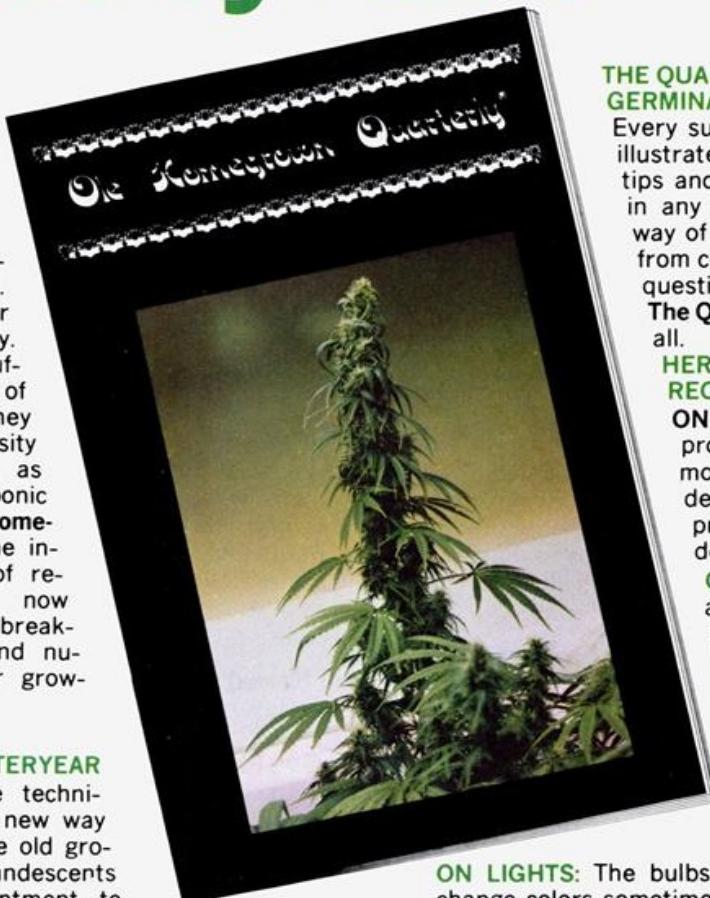
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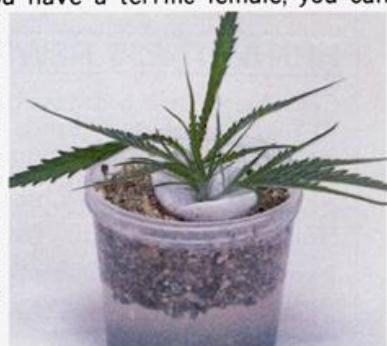
HERE ARE A FEW EXCERPTS FROM RECENT ISSUES:

ON PRUNING: Indoor growing requires proper pruning. It is probably one of the most important things you can do for a decent crop . . . First, I will separate the process into two basic areas: pruning for development and pruning for harvest . . .

ON NUTRIENT CHEMISTRY: . . . There are two different areas of discussion here. 1) The chemistry of soils vs. hydroponics, that is, the manner in which nutrients are made ready for plant use. 2) The physiology of nutrient uptake, that is how those nutrients pass from the soil or hydroponic solution into the plant . . .

ON LIGHTS: The bulbs on the halides have a tendency to change colors sometimes. You may notice that suddenly your light is glowing a little pinker. Or one bulb will have a slightly different color than another bulb . . .

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HIGH TIMES

No. 88 December '82

FEATURES

Interview: Ganesh Baba by Larry Sloman

From the mystic East comes Ganesh Baba, bearded and beturbanned avatar of the ancestors of the Ultimate Enlightenment and 24-hour party animal. From the mystic East, where thousands starve in the streets while a gilded few pursue vain will-o-the-wisps of materialist gratification, Ganesh Baba came to commune with the editors of HIGH TIMES in New York City. He hardly noticed the difference . . .

The White House Years by Julie Nixon Eisenhower. Satire by Jon Pelzer

Julie, if you remember, was Nixon's older daughter. The one with the soft brown hair, the sensible shoes and the protective instinct of mama grizzly toward her presidential father. Here, now, for the first time, is her story. The love, the trust, the betrayal and the getting even. Farting contests in the Oval Office? Fuckfests in the American Suite? It's all here and it's all a HIGH TIMES exclusive . . .

Centerfold: The Beverly Hills Cocaine Diet by Judy Naezal

The weight-losing secrets of the stars are finally yours with Judy Naezal's exciting, new Beverly Hills Cocaine Diet. Inside, Judy'll teach you how to become a "Consciousness Combiner." She'll present a wide variety of cocaine-based diets and you'll be able to sniff and snort until you've found the one that's just "right" for you. (Our favorite's the Belushi Breakfast.) Also included is a fabulous nose-watering centerfold . . .

What Every Parent Should Know about Marijuana by the National Academy of Sciences with introduction and notes by Dean Latimer

Never in their wildest dreams did the bureaucrats who were commissioning studies on cannabis back in the late '70s believe that their hired brains would stab them in the back and actually come out and say, "Hey, what's all the fuss? Pot's really okay." Well, they did, and did that ever put the boys on Capitol Hill through some changes . . .

HIGHWITNESS NEWS

Coke-Cuts Analyzed: Lively and Dangerous . . . Kids on Drugs Aren't Crazy, 10-Year School Study Finds . . . Overdoses Tied to Sudden Heroin "Intolerance" . . . Dog-Loving Policeman Arrested for Cocaine . . . New Horrors

Landed-Gentry Tobacco . . . Valium and the Pill: A Surprise Synergy . . . Houston "Kiddie Narc" Teaches Kids a Lesson . . .

Trans-High Market Quotations

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I Need More 40 by Iggy Pop with Anne Wehrer

Back in the late '60s, Iggy and his band, the Stooges, were pioneers of pathology rock. A typical concert would include some songs, a number of vicious fights with the audience and Iggy's assorted acts of self-mutilation. So who needed Ozzie Osborne! In *I Need More*, Iggy recalls those halcyon days of yore; and jabbing the old wounds gets the blood flowing one more time.

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Drugs in the Bible 53 by Dean Latimer

What with Moses demanding Pharaoh to "Let my people grow," and Jesus gathering the disciples together to share his Last Upper, it's a wonder nobody's investigated this phenomenon before. But seriously, the thing is that there are no drugs in the Bible. Sex? Tons of it. But no drugs, and no rock 'n' roll.

Cover photo by David Michael Kennedy

Mondo Gatewood 58

Charles Gatewood has served as court photographer to some of this country's most grotesque, bizarre and all-around depraved subcultures. From the tattooing parlors of San Francisco to the ritualistic body piercings of New York's S&M bars, Gatewood's central theme remains constant—the body as art (some might say pin cushion). Culled from his two books, *Sidetrapping* and *Forbidden Photographs*, HIGH TIMES is proud to present its special Christmas-time photo extravaganza.

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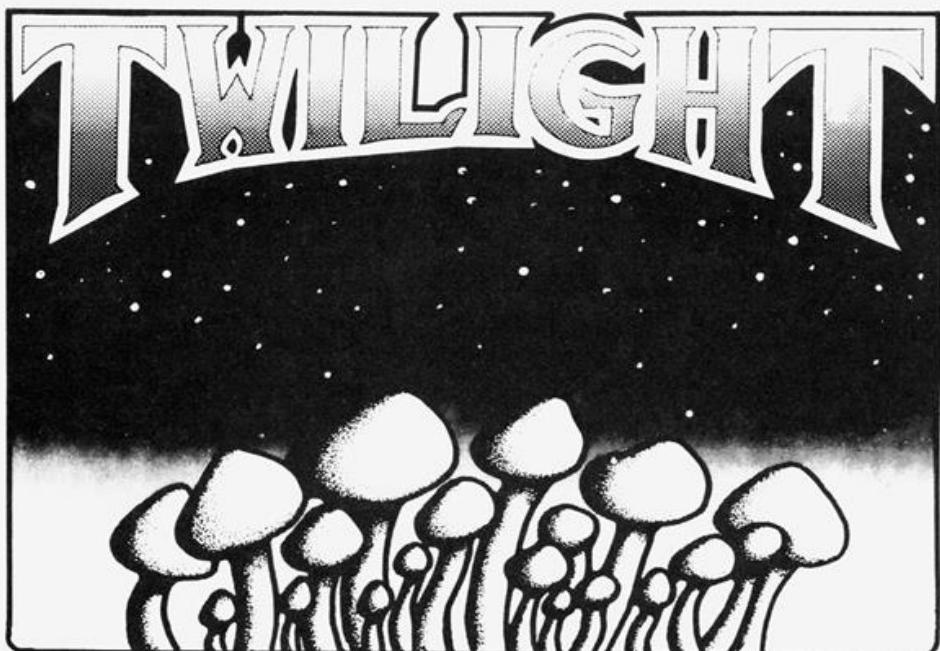
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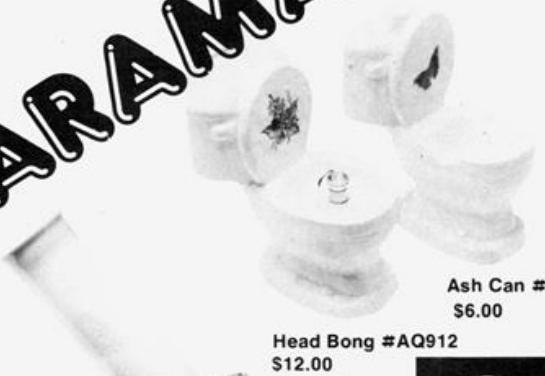
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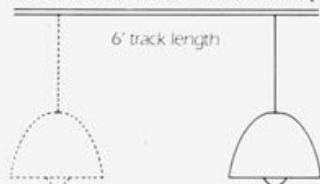
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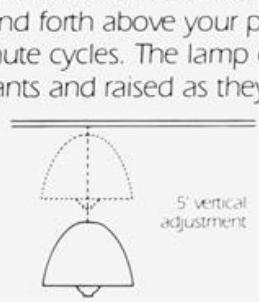


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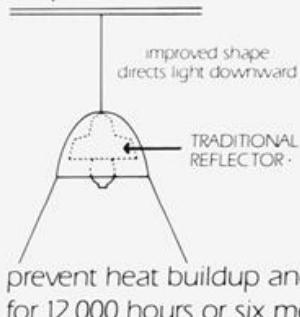
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FLASHES



CHEAP TRICK: ALL THE WAY FROM ROCKFORD

Liz Derringer caught up with Cheap Trick's Rick Nielsen and Robin Zander in New York recently while the band was touring to promote their latest album *One on One*.

Liz Derringer: Why does Cheap Trick live in Rockford, Illinois?

Rick Nielsen: It's a central location—an hour and a half to New York, three hours to L.A. If we lived on either coast, it would take us forever to get anywhere. Plus, this way, when we come to New York, we have fun here because we're not sick of seeing it.

LD: You've recorded albums in so many places: Japan, England, the Caribbean—does the environment make any difference in the cutting of a record?

Robin Zander: Well, yeah. In the Caribbean, someone stole my tape player and my tapes. There's probably a bunch of bootleg copies of "All Shook Up" floating around the Islands.

LD: You guys are probably the most-touring band in rock 'n' roll. How do you find the road?

Nielsen: It's like Disneyland. We went out to dinner with the Cars and we had them in stitches. We used to tell them stories of things we do, things that happen to us and people we run into—things we usually don't talk about in interviews. They were saying, "God, we want to go out on the road and tour more. Oh, gee, this is great, let's go." But Ric Ocasek doesn't like to tour.

LD: When the first Cheap Trick album was released, there was this aura of mystique surrounding the band. The liner notes on the first album said that you were from different places, like Bun E. [drummer Bun E. Carlos] was from Venezuela and Robin was born in either Kansas City or Boston, de-

pending on which day you asked him. What was that all about?

Nielsen: We signed to Epic Records in 1976 and they said they wanted to do a bio on us. The guy who wrote it was named Eric Von Lustbader, who has since written two best-selling books, but at that time no one had heard of him. Anyway, first thing he said was, "Hey, where are you guys from?" We said, "We're from the Midwest and we haven't really done much, except we played a lot." That was about it, nothing too interesting. He said, "Come on, tell us the real truth." So we just started making it up. "Oh, yeah, we met over in France," and Bun E. was from Venezuela and so on. We carried on and the guy kept writing it and we kept spewing forth. Actually, some of the stuff was sort of true.

Zander: The reason I said that I lived in either Boston or Kansas City depending on what day you asked was because I didn't have a place to live.

Nielsen: And he liked Kansas City and Boston.

LD: Why didn't you have a place to live?

Zander: Because I didn't. Didn't you ever not have a place to live? I didn't have any money and I didn't have a place to live.

LD: Well, at any rate, you created a very exciting image.

Nielsen: Because nobody had ever heard of us. We weren't the local New York guys, we weren't from L.A. We were just some guys from the Midwest that just played, and all of a sudden we were having a record coming out.

Zander: Obviously, we all had pasts but nothing that anyone else cared to hear about.

Nielsen: I was Todd Rundgren's

replacement in the Naz. But that was too silly. So we thought starting this band with no past or whatever was a good idea. Who cared if Robin sang at Wisconsin Dells? Who cared if Bun E. did this and that even if it was real good stuff? That's like one of those superstar tours that goes and plays different countries. But if you are doing it just for fun, who cares? But if you go over there with the idea that, "Hey, don't you know who I am?"—like the new group Asia—they all have pasts and I don't think they played it up. I think the press has played it up more than they have. I like John Wetton from Asia, we almost asked him to join the band. This was when Tom was not in the band anymore and before John was filling those big bass shoes.

LD: What do you think of the state of radio today?

Nielsen: The good stations play our songs. [Laughs]

LD: And speaking of "your songs," Robin, you wrote quite a lot for your last record *One on One*.

Zander: Rick and I cowrote a lot of the songs, but that's nothing new. Just this time we wrote more that made it on the record. But I don't write as much as Rick does.

Nielsen: I don't care who writes the songs. We've done cover versions and continue to do cover songs live. We almost did "Wata Gonna Do about It" by the Small Faces.

Zander: We have a better version than the Pretenders. Ha-ha!

LD: Are you writing songs for any other artists?

Nielsen: We've sent some songs to Joan Jett. One of the songs that we recorded in the studio she may use. It's called "Don't Steal My Girlfriend." I think that will be real good for Joan. I think that would in-

continued on next page



Cheap Nielsen

FLASHES

MORE CHEAP TRICK

crease her mystique a thousand percent. [Laughs]

LD: What happened to that film that you guys were supposed to do?

Nielsen: It's finished. It's an animation. Debbie Harry's in it, Earth, Wind and Fire, Lou Reed, Iggy Pop.

LD: Sounds great. When is it going to come out?

Nielsen: I don't know. It's like, once we do our thing, it's out of our hands.

LD: What's in store for Cheap Trick fans as far as touring this time round? You never have too elaborate a stage setting.

Nielsen: Well, we have some special *One on One* props and things like that.

Zander: Yeah, we bought all of Kiss's old gear and Ozzy Osborne's off tour now, so we got some of his stuff. [Laughs]

LD: Rick, you've been down in

the mine for a long time—a certified rock 'n' roll veteran. What's your take on the music business?

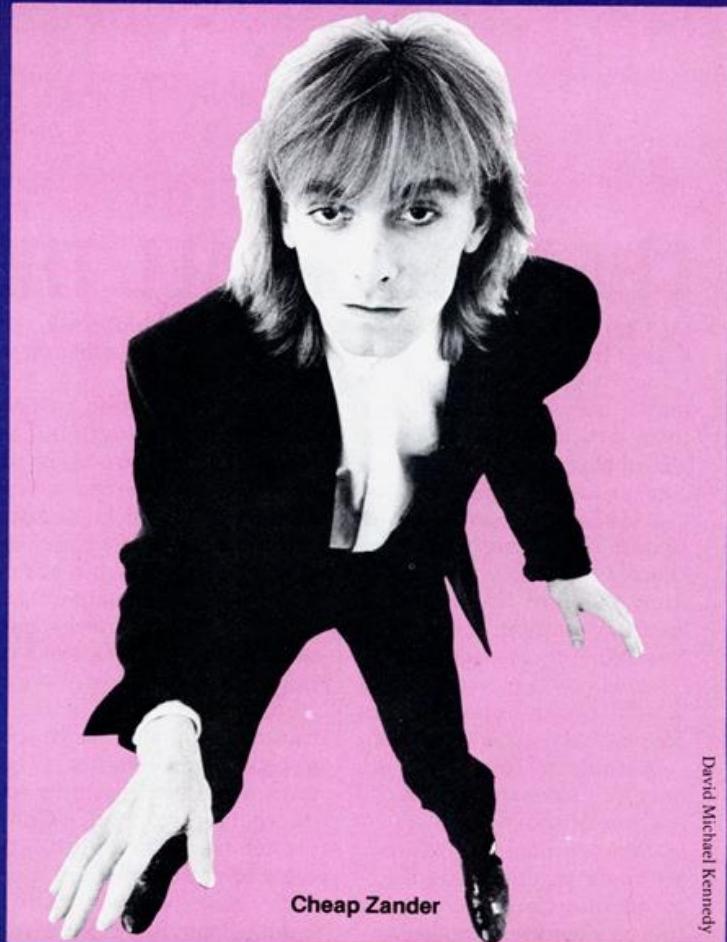
Nielsen: In radio it's real conservative, but I think it's changing. The record companies were real conservative too, but I think everyone now realizes that they have to take chances like we always have. We are guinea pigs, we don't try to make a safe record or something we know is going to get air play. We never have. The radio, video and record companies are going to start taking more chances.

LD: And you still love rock 'n' roll as much as you used to?

Nielsen: Of course. It's my life.

LD: And there's nothing else you ever want to do, like get into movies or something?

Nielsen: Okay, I want to be a stud. □



David Michael Kennedy

Cheap Zander



Following the Flyboys

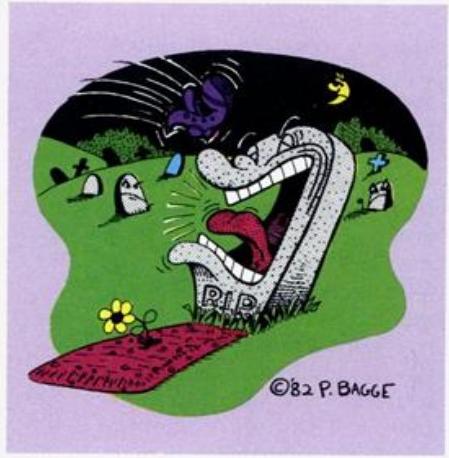
It's a bird, it's a plane, it's... *Airplane II: the Sequel*. That's ex-stewardess, now computer officer, Elaine Dickenson (Julie Hagerty), in a scene from Paramount's *Airplane II: the Sequel*, scheduled to take off on December 10 at a theater near you. Also starring in the film are Robert Hays, Lloyd Bridges, William Shatner and the Bonos (Sonny and Susie).

Voices from the Grave Contest

Latest weirdness to come out of California is the solar-powered talking tombstone. Seven years in the making, this push-button, playback bid at immortality was developed by ex-NASA employee Stanley Zalanzy and electrician Mike O'Piela. Trouble is, though, that most people seem a bit uneasy at the prospect of addressing posterity from six feet under. "There hasn't been a strong response in our primary market," says David Myers, who is helping hawk the gizmos.

So what would you say? In 25 words or less, write down what you think you'd like to be telling your friends and loved ones if and when they come to visit your grave. (Now do you see why they're not moving any of these things?)

Send all responses to HIGH TIMES' Voices from the Grave Contest, c/o HIGH TIMES, 17 W. 60th St., New York, NY 10023. The winning epitaph will be selected by HIGH TIMES Sordid Affairs Editor Dean Latimer and run in an upcoming issue of the magazine.



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Grooves on Goldstein

Editor:

Hip, hip hooray for September's HIGH TIMES, especially the hilarious interview with Al Goldstein: "Why do you like to eat pussy so much?"

"Because it tastes good." Three months later and I'm still laughing. More sex maniac-type stories like this in future issues, please.

—Howard Beecher
Elizabeth, N.J.

FLASHES*

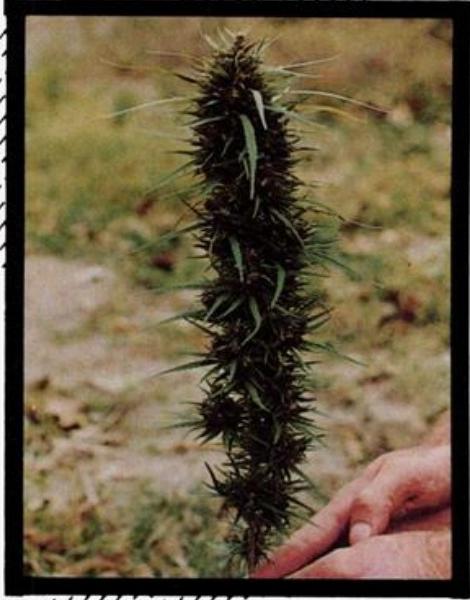
Johnson's Bud

Editor:

Sigmund Freud notwithstanding, this is about the most stimulating sight that any red-blooded American boy could see. Hope you all feel the same.

—Frank Johnson
Fort Myers, Fla.

Indeed we do, Mr. Johnson. One should never compromise pride in potency for fear of latency.—Ed.



Only Rock 'n' Roll

Editor:

Someone had better tell "R.," the alleged Connoisseur with the vivid imagination, that "Key to the Highway" was written by Charles Segar and William Broonzy and not Elmore James as he proclaims in your August issue. At least that's what it says on my Layla album, and I suspect that they got it right. On the rare occasion that he writes something that is nonfiction, "R." should at least make an attempt to get the facts straight.

—John Grunst
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

"R." responds: "Only a nerdy, little pedant would fixate on an error in attribution and not celebrate the instinctual wisdom of my taste in music."

continued on page 15

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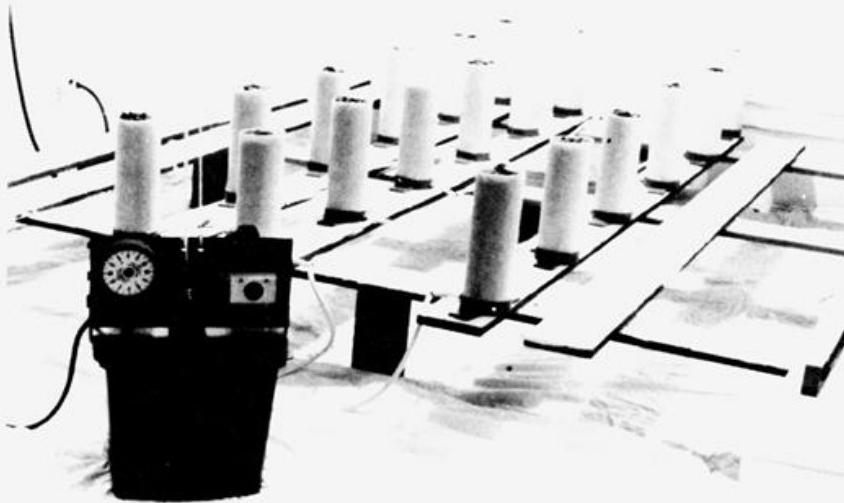
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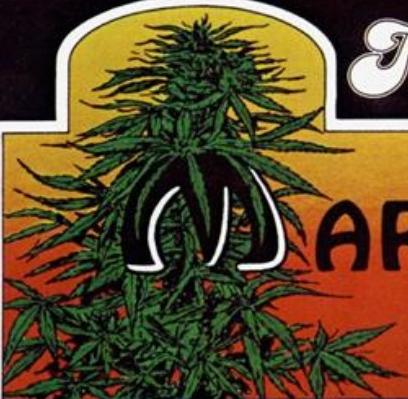
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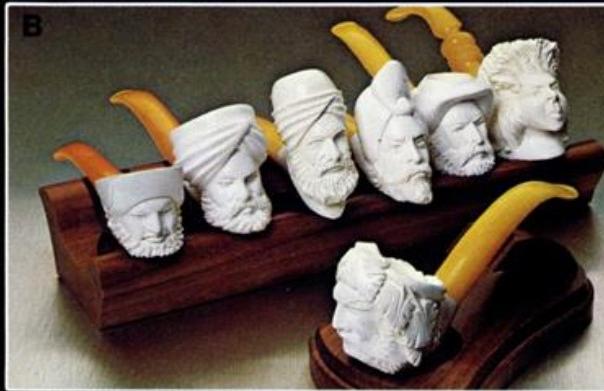
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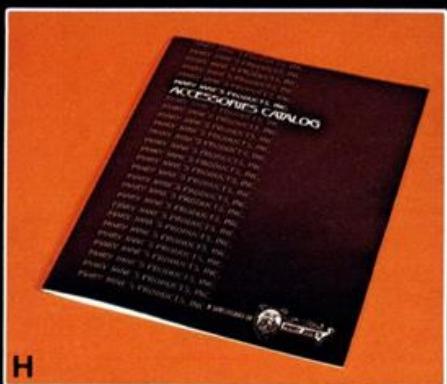
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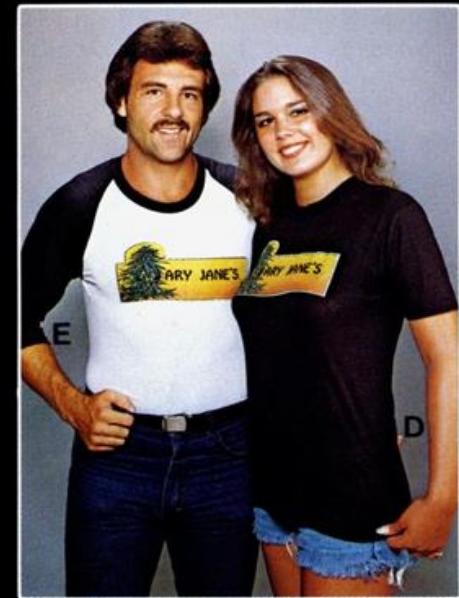
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FLASHES

continued from page 11

Ma\$ter Plan

Editor:

I have a Master Plan to bring the present marijuana and drug laws to its knees once and for all. This could be the story of the century for HIGH TIMES; millions of Americans busted would go free under my plan and savings of billions of dollars would most definitely occur.

All I require is \$100,000 in cash, tax free. I want this money to build my Mom and Dad a little house on the lake and also to buy myself a small farm in Kentucky.

I guarantee my Master Plan or your money back. The majority of all Americans busted on any and all dope charges will be set free and a savings of billions of dollars to the public will most definitely occur. All I require is \$100,000 in cash, tax free...

—Thomas E. Wilkerson
Garden Grove, Calif.

Sorry, Thomas, but we've already used up our \$100,000 cash, tax-free budgetary allotment for "Master Plans" for this month. Give us a call in January.—Ed.

Noxious George, Debased Larry

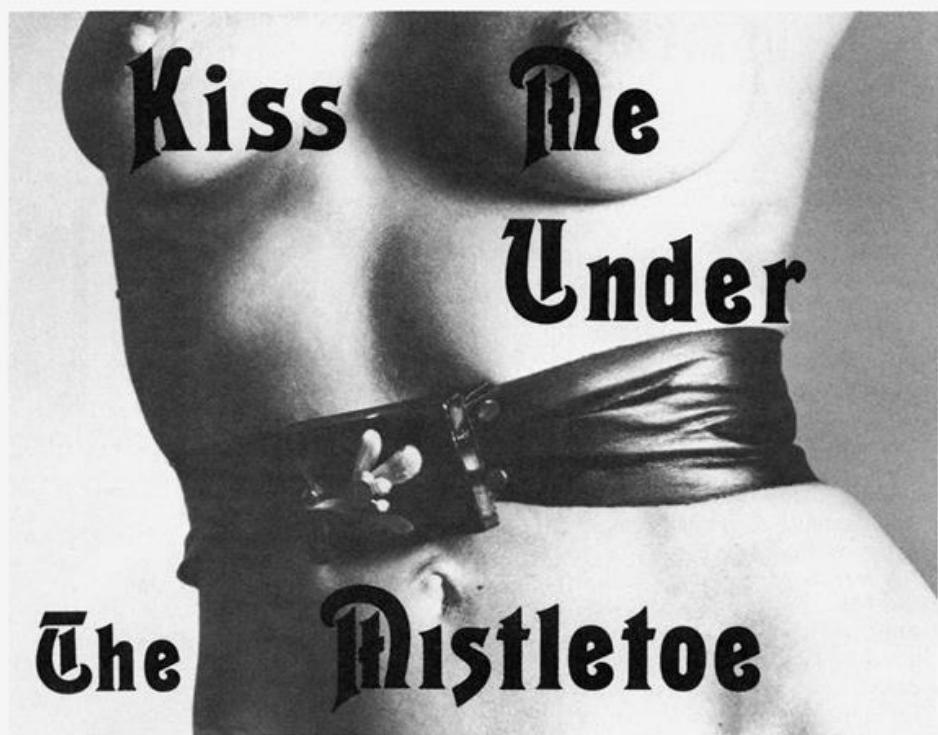
Editor:

Refer to your September interview with Screw magazine publisher Al Goldstein: In light of the idiosyncratic nature of the questions posed by HIGH TIMES editors George Barkin and Larry Sloman (ex.: Can a good bowel movement be more gratifying than a blow-job?), common sense would seem to dictate that both interviewers desire there be no mistaking as to who asked what, lest they find themselves saddled with each other's noxious sexual fetishes and obsessions when they go out on the town in New York City. But then again, I guess that such debasement knows no sense of personal integrity—or shame.

—Burt Van Peldt
Provo, Utah

Righty-o—Ed.

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Where was I? Ah, yes, now it's coming back. These two-part columns are taxing on the short-term memory. The Haze Brothers. The Great Epic Epicurean Sinsemilla Tasting catered especially for the Connoisseur. How could I forget.

Seldom in the Connoisseur's unrivaled experience has he been treated to such a succession of stunning buds to smoke. Let's see, where did I leave off? There were seven major varieties unsealed from their Seal-a-Meal splendor in stages carefully orchestrated by those masters of modern marijuana, the Haze brothers, and I had only reached Course Number Two—Bright Golden Haze Sativa Sinsemilla—when I left off in the last column. Perhaps I should do this in *three* parts to really do each one justice. Especially the final course, the one the Haze brothers referred to as "The Greatest Grass of the Decade."

But no. I'll just refer to the careful notes I made during each course and rip right through this thing. Let's see what I have here:

"Course Number Three—"Shemp"—the step beyond Larry, Curly and Moe. Discovering the state of Fourth Stoogedom! Stooge-dumb?" Now what the hell can that mean? I must remind the editors to supply me with a dictaphone or, better, a simpatico secretary to take down my thoughts more extensively during these tasting sessions. Get them down fresh at the moment of utterance. These notes suddenly seem so sketchy.

But I think I can explain Fourth Stoogedom. You see, last season the Haze brothers made a hit all up and down the California Coast with some incredible buds they bred from various Haze and hash-plant seed strains, three special varieties of championship pedigree pot plants that the Haze brothers—with their inimitable sense of humor—dubbed "Larry, Curly and Moe." Those of you who follow this column faithfully will recall that the Connoisseur awarded these buds a coveted "Herbie" award

Part Two THE SUPREME TASTING

by "R."

Of Shemp and Hemp



Drew Friedman

nomination the season before last. Obviously inspired by the Herbie glory that just eluded their grasp, the Hazes decided to outdo themselves with incredible Luther Burbank-like feats of cannabis cross-breeding. The result was an absolutely amazing new variety that went beyond "Larry, Curly and Moe." They called it "Shemp."

"Why Shemp?" I asked the Haze brothers as we passed around the maddeningly fragrant reefer.

"Shemp," said Brother Number One, "was the fourth Stooge."

"Come on," I said in my ignorance, "there were only three Stooges. Everybody knows that."

"But there was a fourth Stooge," said Brother Number Two. "He got in only some of the later ones and he was pretty weird, but he was known as

the Fourth Stooge. His name was Shemp."

The fourth Stooge. Suddenly I thought of that passage near the close of T.S. Eliot's "Wasteland," when he evokes the hallucinatory vision of two dying survivors of a doomed polar expedition. As the two of them trudge hopelessly through the gleaming polar wastes, one of them recounts in the last page of his diary that there suddenly seems to appear beside them a mysterious spectral *third figure* generated by the desperation of their dying imagination. I was always haunted by Eliot's citation of that wondering diary entry:

"Who was that third that walked beside us?"

How perfectly that line conjures an icy spectral Trinity in the polar wastes, its dying human presence haunted by a chill, unredeemptive parody of the Holy Ghost.

Where was I? Oh, yes, the fourth Stooge. Somehow in the spell of that sinsemilla trance I began to *understand* that passage in a way I hadn't before. I began to understand not only Eliot's "Who was that third..." question, but the more immediate question of what it was like to be the fourth Stooge. I entered into the anti-podal kingdom of Fourth Stoogedom. A step, an entire leap beyond Three Stooges silliness. A fourth Stooge level of utter goofiness I'd never experienced before. An uncharted region of silliness that was, well, interesting to visit, but I'm not sure I'd want to live there. Which brings me to a very basic question raised by the whole Haze-tasting experience: Is there intelligent life in indica? Is indica the fourth Stooge of the sinsemilla family?

Because one thing I noticed in my sevenfold tasting marathon that evening was this: The Haze Brothers sativas were perhaps the finest, most soaring, upbeat, interesting, spicy, sexy, exotic grasses I'd had the pleasure to taste since the glorious Santa Marta golds of '73 and '74. I swear: They were that good.

But the indicas, the ones grown from hash plants—they were less like good grass than powerful downers. Syrupy and sleepy barbiturate buds. What can I say. I'm not alone in feeling that California growers have made a big mistake in switching from *Cannabis sativa* to *Cannabis indica*. Other experienced and sophisticated smokers I've talked to say the same thing—lighten up those seed strains with some sativa, you growers.

As I go through the rest of my notes I see the following: "Emphasize utter beauty of appearance, smell and taste of these buds." It's true. I could spend an entire column trying to describe the entralling flickering and glowing gold and green sculptures these buds were before we crumbled them up and rolled them into joints. Many of them had a palpable aura—not only of pulsing bionic chlorophyll life energy, but of intoxicating psychoactive spicy odors. No biblical tribute to weeping balsamic cedars, odorous drip-

The result was an absolutely amazing new variety that went beyond "Larry, Curly and Moe." They called it "Shemp."

ping gums, frankincense and myrrh could capture the captivating magic of this fragrant material. I almost got a better high from sniffing the sativa buds than from smoking the indica.

And visually—well, *I saw purple buds that were actually purple*. If you know growers, you know they tend to call anything that's not absolutely pure green a "purple"—but these were thick indigo scimitars, purple as the purple sage, an almost unearthly purple, as if from the atmosphere of a planet in an alien star system. But the most beautiful of all was the pure chocolate-colored Seventh Course, the grass variety the Haze brothers called the Best of the Year, the Best of the Decade, in fact. The one they called, simply, "The hash plant."

Now, I've heard of grass called "chocolate" before. There's even now some so-so stickless Thai circulating that goes by the name "Chocolate Thai." But this hash plant was, well, like a chocolate bar. Like an Almond Joy. I hated to crumble it up into a joint. But I didn't hate it enough not to do it.

The hash plant. It certainly soared far above any indica I've ever tasted. For a while it made me rethink my entire thesis about indica. It was not at all Stooge-like. It was majestic—an eagle-eyed glide over the terrain of existence. It was from this lofty perch I got the big picture on the indica question.

An indica grown by the Haze brothers and their associates is different from all other indicas. It's better. Much better. There's no comparison. That goes for practically all the Haze Brothers samples—particularly their sinsemilla seed strain. There's just magic in them Haze-seed genes. Botanists ought to recognize it as a whole new species: *Cannabis hazis*.

I don't rule out the possibility that other growers have come up with classic nonsoberific, thought-provoking as opposed to thought-suffocating *indica* grass. I'm willing to be convinced. I'd even write a retraction if I had persuasive evidence there was intelligent life in indica. □

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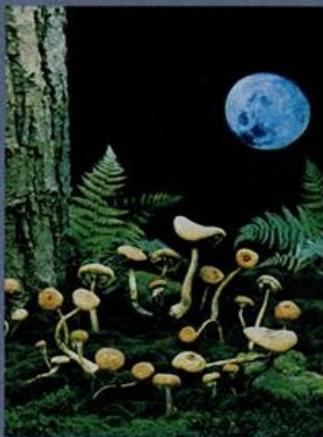
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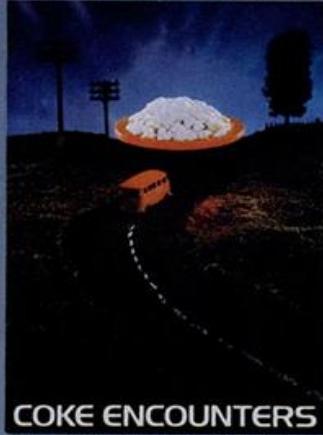
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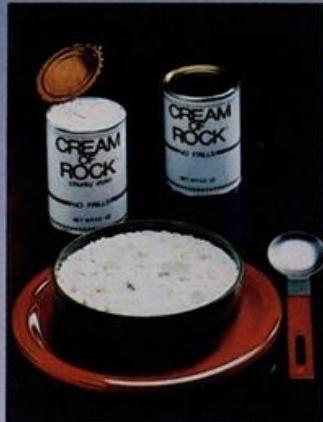
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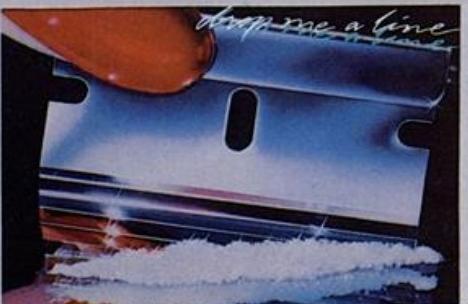
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COCAINE CUTS ANALYZED: LIVELY & DANGEROUS



Carl Kravats

TOOT TOOT TOOTSIE: Nothing to sneeze about.

Legally available white powders, such as caffeine, procaine, ephedrine and so on, are frequently used to adulterate cocaine, and some are being used increasingly by themselves as cocaine substitutes, reports Dr. Ronald Siegel in the latest issue of the *PharmChem Newsletter* (3295 Bohannon Dr., Menlo Park, CA 94025). While these chemicals aren't especially toxic by

themselves, as people ordinarily use them in medicines like Contac and Allerest (or, in the case of caffeine, as a stimulant), cocaine users who try to achieve a satisfying high run a considerable risk by taking these substances in large quantities. As the popularity of white-powder snorting has become increasingly prevalent across the United States, Dr. Siegel has had occasion to examine a good number of people who've reported ad-

continued on next page

COKE CUTS ANALYZED: LIVELY AND DANGEROUS

continued from page 19

verse effects from these non-controlled substances, and the substances themselves.

Very often these white powders are refined, mixed and produced in such a way as to closely resemble finely sifted street cocaine. The producers of many of these powders register them with suggestive brand names such as Pseudo Caine, Milky Trails, Toot, Synth Coke and so on, and merchandise them as "incenses" (so that FDA regulations don't apply) through drugstores, local grocery stores, headshops, health-food outlets and even by mail-order advertisements in some magazines.

After analyzing several of the most commonly encountered brands at the Clinical Pharmacokinetic laboratory at the USC School of Pharmacy, Dr. Siegel listed the ingredients (see chart) in the *PharmChem Newsletter*. Some brands had to be listed more than once because of their wide variations in proportionate chemical content from bottle to bottle of the same brand: "Poor quality control by the product manufacturer," Dr. Siegel notes.

Quite often these products will mix a decongestant, such as ephedrine or phenylpropanolamine (PPA), with a "caine"-type topical anesthetic, such as lidocaine or procaine. The decongestants, when taken in sufficiently large doses, will produce stimulant effects similar to caffeine. The topical anesthetics are included, presumably, to produce a cocaine-like numbness of the nose. However, Dr. Siegel points out, these legal caines do also mimic cocaine's stimulant effects, when taken in very large doses.

"Following intranasal or inhaled use" of these mixtures, Dr. Siegel writes, "most users report feelings of excitement, stimulation, mental alertness and even euphoria." To achieve any of these positive effects from such dubious

matter, though, users have to take in an extraordinary lot of it all at once. At such doses, these noncontrolled substances can promote a wide variety of toxic effects, such as insomnia, anxiety, heart palpitations, sweating and general poisoning symptoms. Some can also combine with alcohol or other drugs to trigger hypertensive stroke. Prolonged use of these substances for their "tonic" effects can have all the adverse effects of cocaine overindulgence—except that it may happen even sooner.

Many cocaine users are told by their suppliers that freebasing their coke will remove all adulterants. Many even believe this, to the great profit of suppliers who know about lidocaine. Lidocaine will freebase right along with cocaine, and remain as an undetected adulterant all through the conversion process. Moreover, lidocaine is rated in *The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics* (Goodman & Gilman) to be over one-fourth as "toxic" as cocaine. A user who imbibes four times as much lidocaine as his or her ordinary dose of cocaine, that is, may get high. However, it may not take very much more lidocaine to bring on convulsions and fatal overdose.

Last summer, FDA commissioner Arthur Hull Hayes termed lidocaine, ephedrine, caffeine, PPA and so on as an "emerging public health hazard" in their role as cocaine cuts and substitutes. The FDA press release said this was distributed primarily to large drug companies which furnish bulk supplies of these chemicals to wholesalers. Appended to the release, for the large companies' attention, were the brand names of most of the "incenses" analyzed here by Dr. Siegel. The FDA warned the drug companies that federal action might be taken to control these substances by expensive new scheduling regulations, if the companies continued to supply chemicals for the products on the FDA's industrial blacklist. It is not known if the drug companies, which enjoy tremendous influence with the Reagan administration, paid any attention whatsoever to this rather unlikely threat. *HT*

Cocaine Substitute Trade Name	Quantitative Results
Coca Leaf	procaine 59.4% caffeine 14.4%
Coco Snow (Batch #1)	benzocaine 32.5% procaine 32.0% caffeine 8.7%
Coco Snow (Batch #2)	benzocaine 20.0% procaine 12.1% caffeine 4.3%
Crystal Caine	caffeine 51.0% phenylpropanolamine 22.9%
Florida Snow	lidocaine 23.0%
Milky Trails (Batch #1)	lidocaine 51.6% ephedrine 1.1%
Milky Trails (Batch #2)	lidocaine 26.8% ephedrine 11.0%
Pro-Crystal (Batch #1)	benzocaine 14.9%
Pro-Crystal (Batch #2)	benzocaine 22.0%
Pseudo Caine (Batch #1)	phenylpropanolamine 53.7% ephedrine 26.7%
Pseudo Caine (Batch #2)	phenylpropanolamine 59.6% ephedrine 32.1%
Pseudo Caine (Batch #3)	phenylpropanolamine 91.9%
Real Caine (Batch #1)	phenylpropanolamine 77.4% benzocaine 2.6%
Real Caine (Batch #2)	phenylpropanolamine 67.0% ephedrine 33.0%
Real Caine (Batch #3)	phenylpropanolamine 51.5%
Repro Crystals	procaine 59.0% caffeine 24.8%
Rock Crystal	procaine 28.4% benzocaine 5.8%
Suma Caine (Batch #1)	phenylpropanolamine 7.5%
Suma Caine (Batch #2)	phenylpropanolamine 71.9%
Synth Coke (Batch #1)	ephedrine 2.7%
Synth Coke (Batch #2)	pseudoephedrine 13.0%
Toot	benzocaine 41.3% caffeine 20.3%
Ultra Caine	ephedrine 25.1%

KIDS ON DRUGS AREN'T CRAZY, 10-YEAR SCHOOL STUDY FINDS

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

TEENAGERS WHO TAKE drugs, drink alcohol and smoke cigarettes are no more likely to be psychologically disturbed than teenagers who don't, a 10-year epidemiological study of South Chicago schoolchildren has shown. Researchers for the University of Chicago, after following several classes of schoolchildren in the Woodlawn district from the first grade through the 10th

grade, discovered that the students who developed severe emotional problems in adolescence and those who took to "substance use"—drugs, alcohol and tobacco—were *not* statistically correlated. "The adolescent population that uses substances is... quite different from the population that develops psychiatric symptoms," it is reported. Substance use by itself, that is, is not automatic



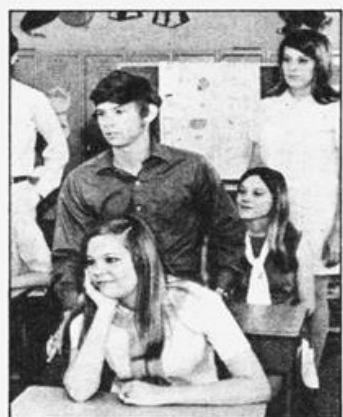
Bright, self-aware 6-year-olds tend to smoke at 16.

UPI

evidence of psychological disturbance, and kids who do dope or alcohol are not automatically in need of psychiatric consultation or therapy.

These findings, reported by doctors from the Social Psychiatry Study Center of the University of Chicago's psychiatry department, run plainly counter to much contemporary drug-abuse theorizing. Degreed pediatricians and other "abuse" experts associated with the American Council on Marijuana in Washington—which represents itself as the country's foremost think tank in the "substance" field—actually advocate mandatory regular drug-testing for all schoolchildren, and the referral of all children who may take drugs to psychiatric counseling. This proposal is supported by gung-ho drug-treatment specialists, who cite the severe emotional problems of their clinic patients as evidence that drug use is psychologically devastating.

The authors of the Woodlawn school survey suggest that people who wind up in drug-treatment clinics, undergoing therapy, may not really be representative of people who take drugs. The researchers for the Chicago report's senior author, Dr. Sheppard Kellam, kept track of 1,242 schoolchildren in Woodlawn between 1967 and 1977, not merely the ones who got into trouble with drugs. Their discovery that substance use was not significantly related to psychological abnormality—was neither cause nor consequence of it, that is—points up, they say, "a need to understand the differ-



ences between epidemiologic and clinic-attending populations."

High-IQ Dopers

Dr. Kellam also rigorously avoids the term "abuse" to characterize drug-taking behavior. ACM theorists have forcefully propounded the notion that *all* nonmedical drug use is abuse, particularly when youngsters are involved. Taken to its inescapable extreme, this notion would make it impossible to distinguish between hard-core heroin addicts and weekend pot smokers, however. The Kellam report speaks strictly of various levels of substance use, therefore, commenting: "There is little empirical evidence of the validity of the various criteria used to define abuse."

Numerous previous studies, it is observed, have seriously raised the question of whether school-age marijuana smokers, in particular, are genuinely abusing themselves: "The relationship of academic achievement to

continued on page 24

BOLIVIAN UPDATE

MILITARY GOV'T FALLS AT LAST

by S.S.

LA PAZ,

BOLIVIA

JUST AS WE ARE GOING TO press, the word finally came down that Bolivia's latest military junta of Gen. Guido Vildoso had resigned in La Paz as a result of widespread pressure from the collapsing state of the Bolivian economy. Following two years of ripping off the economy systematically with the coke business, the Bolivian generals are handing back to the civilians a country which looks more like a dead corpse than a living organism. Curiously, they are restoring the power to the same civilian

congress which Gen. Garcia Meza overthrew in the bloody cocaine coup of July 17, 1980. At this point we still don't know, but there is a good chance that President-elect Hernan Siles Zuazo, who was prevented from assuming the presidency then, will now return to finally occupy his post at Palacio Quemado in La Paz. This doesn't mean, of course, the end of the Bolivian mafia, which will probably initiate now a period of reorganization. Check future issues for upcoming developments. HT



UPI

DOG-LOVING POLICEMAN ARRESTED FOR COCAINE

MADISON, WISCONSIN

FORMER DANE COUNTY deputy sheriff Bob Lowrey has been busted for 32 pit dogs and an ounce of coke. Lowrey was sacked from the sheriff's department in December 1981, after it was discovered he'd run up over \$500 on personal long-distance calls on the sheriff's telephone, calls which are assumed to have been associated with the running of a bulldog-fighting arena at his residence on Lake Farm Road near McFarland. While a deputy, Lowrey was closely associated with local massage-parlor baron Bill Garrott, who runs various *entrepot*s of "adult" diversion around the county, and has been suspected by the police of having special knowledge of drugs trafficking in Wisconsin. Ex-officer Lowrey, called before the county grand jury during

an investigation of Garrott's activities, reportedly relied heavily on his Fifth Amendment guarantee against self-incrimination. Subsequently, Lowrey was arrested for packing a concealed weapon, when a .38 clattered out of his pocket onto the floor of an adult bookstore in Madison.

The dogs-and-dope arrest capped a brief investigation by the Intra-County Narcotics and Vice Unit. Lowrey was lured to an underground parking lot, the cops say, and induced to exhibit an ounce of white crystal matter in his possession. The instant the dope bust was made, other narcotics and vice officers executed a search warrant on Lowrey's home, where they found the 32 pit bulls in varying states of wear and tear. Lowrey says he was raising them, all 32, as pets. HT

DALLAS "KIDDIE NARC" TEACHES KID A LESSON

D A L L A S, T E X A S

ONE THURSDAY IN 1980, Janice Jenkins at Byran Adams High School bought a handful of Quaaludes from a couple of guys, including one named Jeff whom she thought had "funny teeth." Since Janice was a police narcotics officer infiltrating the school disguised as a student, she wasn't sure afterward what Jeff's last name might be, so she looked through the photos in a school yearbook for a guy named Jeff with distinctive orthodontics. She spotted one—Jeffrey Covington, then 16—and told a judge that she knew Covington to be a "habitual drug dealer," so as to get a warrant for his arrest.

The following Monday when Covington got to school, he was told to report to the principal's office. There, two plainclothes officers busted him for narcotics trafficking, frisked him, clapped him in cuffs and led him off to the chokey past a great number of interested students. "They all learned of it then," says Covington, whose nickname at Byran Adams from then on was "Quaalude Covington."

He was innocent, of course, as the school records *themselves* proved, right from the first; Covington had been absent on the day officer Jenkins had scored her gorilla biscuits, as school records showed. Dallas assistant district attorney Gary Arey brought Covington before officer Jenkins and was told, "No, that's not the right Jeff." And the other suspect in the 'lude sale, one "Tim," had never met Covington in his life.



UPI

Nevertheless, since so much outraged press publicity had attended this kiddie bust, the prosecution went forward, and the case went to trial. "I had heard about people getting put in jail for stuff they didn't do," Covington recalls about that nervous period. "I was afraid I wasn't going to get out of it."

The case dragged on until Covington's name was out of the local papers, and then he was quietly found innocent. The press, having had a field day with the bust, neither reported on the acquittal nor on the \$2-million federal lawsuit that the boy's parents filed against the city and the Dallas police department. After two years of litigation, the courts ruled against the family. "We had an airtight case of negligence," explains their attorney. "But the law says that a police officer is entitled to an honest mistake, and shouldn't be held liable for that."

Narcotics officer Janice Jenkins has been unavailable for press comment ever since the first rash of lurid bust publicity. "I felt like a criminal," Covington is still saying. "They should have had their facts straight on everybody, not just me." HT

OVERDOSES TIED TO SUDDEN HEROIN "INTOLERANCE"

HAMILTON, ONTARIO

JUNKIES SHOULD TAKE SERIOUS care in adjusting their dose when shooting up in novel surroundings, to go by research from McMaster University. "Tolerance," the process by which a person seems to gain progressive resistance to the effects of ascending doses of opiate drugs, may be largely a psychological process, Dr. Shephard Siegel of McMaster has determined. Addicts who have become tolerant to high doses of smack, administered continually in the same surroundings, or under the same general circumstances, may suddenly lose much of their tolerance if they suddenly change their surroundings. Perhaps as many as half the overdose deaths recorded each year, Dr. Siegel suggests, may be due to this "failure of tolerance."

Traditionally, the phenomenon of opiate tolerance has been attributed to changes in individual nerve cells affected by morphine, the active ingredient in heroin and opium. Researchers at the Lexington Narcotics Farm in Kentucky in the 1950s observed that the nerve cells of dogs are inhibited from firing impulses by morphine, and that they compensate for the inhibition, over a period of regular morphine administration, by firing impulses more strongly and frequently. Thus, tolerance develops, and when morphine administration ceases, withdrawal occurs; the nerves go on firing impulses at a frantic rate, although there's no morphine to tamp it all down, and the junkie is sick for three days while the firing rate subsides.

This explanation, though demonstrably true, still fails to explain some of the special curiosities of addiction. While addicts do tend to stabilize their daily dose after an initial period of ascending doses, people of the same body weight may still stabilize their dose at widely different levels of drug. Moreover, as Siegel notes, some addicts may go along for years shooting a stabilized dose, and then suddenly overdose on it: "Many experienced drug users die after a dose that should not be fatal in view of their tolerance. Indeed, some die following a heroin dose that was well tolerated the previous day."

Such freak overdoses are commonly attributed to "hot shots," doses of much purer smack than the junkie is accustomed to buying. Overdoses are particularly common among freshly detoxified addicts who try a "taste," weeks or months after their last shot, though. If Siegel's speculations are correct, these freshly kicked junkies should be particularly careful not to fix up their whole customary predetox dose when capitulating to their craving for a taste.

Briefly, Siegel tested tolerance phenomena in two groups of rats. One group was housed, on alternate days, either in a regular lab cage or in a special "white noise" room. They were given doses of heroin on alternate days, so that each regularly received the dose either in its cage or in the white-noise room. The doses began at just one milligram of heroin per kilogram



Lost his stride

UPI

of body weight, and rose gradually to eight mg/kg, a near-lethal dose if they hadn't been made tolerant to heroin. Finally, they were given a tremendous sudden killer dose, 15 mg/kg heroin; half received it in their accustomed dosing environment, and the other half got it in the unaccustomed alternate environment.

All through this, a control group of drug-free rats were kept in identical environments, alternating environments daily, but receiving only saltwater injections. On the final day, however, all the control rats received a 15 mg/kg dose.

The heroin killed 96 percent of the control rats, as might be expected. In contrast, the same dose only killed 32 percent of the heroin-tolerant rats who received it in their accustomed dosing environ-

ments. However, it killed exactly twice as many—64 percent—of the equally tolerant rats who received it in a novel, unaccustomed dosing environment.

Tolerance, therefore, appears to be very much a function of psychological conditioning, at least as much as of physical adaptation to a drug's effects. An addict's mere anticipation of heroin's familiar and expectable effects, Dr. Siegel speculates, may have a lot to do with apparent tolerance development. When an addict's familiar using environment suddenly changes, however, or the usual conditions under which doping occurs suddenly alter, the drug may have much more powerful, even potentially lethal effects, though the dosage stays the same. *HT*

KIDS ON DRUGS AREN'T CRAZY

continued from page 21

substance use seems to depend on the population studied." A 1973 report by Dr. Lloyd Johnston of the University of Michigan, for instance, shows that schoolkids who do grass have higher IQs than nondopers, but get lower grades in high school. In contrast, a 1978 report out of Washington from Dr. G.D. Mellinger shows that pot-smoking college students get higher point scores across the board.

In the Woodlawn survey, it was found that first-graders who scored highest on IQ tests, and showed a heightened awareness of themselves and the world, were likelier to get into substance use by 10th grade: "First-grade children who score higher on readiness for school and IQ tests appear not only to have been readier than other children for first grade, but also readier during adolescence to try tobacco, alcohol and drugs." These high-

achieving six-year-olds were notably likelier to get into drugs later on, but were notably less likely to develop significant psychological problems than other categories of kids.

Sullen, Pushy Dopers

The single category of first-graders who are likeliest to get into heavy substance use in high school turn out to be boys who exhibit a peculiar combination of "shyness" and "aggressiveness." These are boys who tend to be isolated and uncommunicative, but who consistently break rules, get into fights and lie a lot. "Sullen" might be the most descriptive term for these combined traits. Strangely, boys who are merely aggressive tend not to get into substance use nearly as often as boys who are aggressive and shy as well; whereas boys who are merely shy, with no aggressive traits, hardly ever try illegal drugs, even once.

"Learning problems do not predict substance use," it is emphasized. However, first-graders who had difficulties with learning were likeliest to develop emotional difficulties in their teens, though they weren't especially drug-prone at all.

Interestingly, six-year-olds who performed highest on IQ and school-readiness tests also tended to have higher anxiety levels in their teens, though their anxiousness was not correlated with substance use or severe psychological disturbance. This finding has interesting implications, in view of recent proposals by drug-abuse "experts" that small schoolchildren should be monitored for traits of shyness and aggression, and be subjected to behavior-modification "therapy" if these experts decide they're potentially substance-prone. If sullen schoolchildren are to be systematically deprogrammed away from potential drug-abuse-type behav-

ior, for their supposed good, then an equally valid ethical case might be made for systematically damping down the brightness of these anxiety-prone high-IQ students.

Sex and Doping

"In general, attachment to or alienation from the dominant values of society shows a consistent relationship to substance use." Teenagers who grow disaffected from mainstream social attitudes can naturally be expected to at least experiment with drugs, but disaffection may be a much less important factor than commonly suspected, the Woodlawn study suggests.

Woodlawn is a poor black urban neighborhood, where widespread disaffection and alienation could be reasonably expected. Still, only a third of the boys studied were into drugs by the 10th grade, and less than half that proportion of girls were indulging. None of the "predictive" behavior traits seen in the boys, such as sullenness, served as reliable predictors of substance use in girls. The authors could only speculate about the reasons for this discrepancy between individuals in the same environment. "Society... tolerates and may even encourage aggressiveness in males but not females." Also, schoolboys socialize in groups that are much more strictly structured and less fluid than girls, and this may reduce peer-pressure influences on girls to try cigarettes, alcohol and dope.

Still, genetics clearly plays a key role in all these behavioral factors. Alcoholism is known to be hereditary, and recent studies of identical twins raised in separate foster households strongly suggest that personality traits like shyness are also conditioned by genetics. Any attempt to systematically predict future substance-use behavior from observations of small children, the Woodlawn report concludes, would have to consider the "interplay between genetic potentialities for certain social adaptational responses to social task demands, and the factors in the early environment that may activate these potentialities." HT

"LET 'EM EAT DOPE," SEZ LADY SOLON

OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON

CONVICTED MARIJUANA farmers will starve, if a Washington state legislator has her way. Democratic party representative Lois Stratton, from Spokane, is currently formulating "emergency drug legislation" that will endeavor to eradicate the burgeoning increase of domestic weed cultivation in the Columbia-Cascade region by permanently denying all forms of welfare relief to persons convicted of growing and "manufacturing" marijuana.

"I want them to draft

something really strong," pledges Representative Stratton, "like maybe disqualifying someone forever from welfare if they are convicted of growing or making drugs. I want something that will, somewhere along the line, put some fear into people."

Representative Stratton was scandalized, after 35 people in rural Stevens County were rounded up last summer in a grass-farming cop sweep, to hear that one of the suspected cultivators had been receiving checks from Aid to Families with Dependent Children. Four other

suspects had been getting food stamps, and 16 others had gotten food stamps at sometime or other in the past. After checking all this out with the welfare agencies involved, Representative Stratton demanded of the governor that convicted homegrowers henceforth be permanently denied any such assistance.

Representative Stratton was not available for comment when HIGH TIMES called to inquire if she would advocate similar action against persons convicted of other felonies, such as rape and murder. HT

\$1,000,000,000 IN MARIJUANA? HILLBILLY WEED CHALLENGES LANDED-GENTRY TOBACCO

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

STATE POLICE UPROOTED A total of exactly 107,528 marijuana plants even before the North Carolina autumn harvest this year, indicating that grass may soon be running neck and neck with tobacco as this state's number-one cash crop. Using the old rule-of-thumb calculation that the police never intercept more than 10 percent of any illegal substance on its way to market, State Bureau of Investigation cops now officially estimate the total illicit harvest of standing marijuana here in 1982 as more than "one million plants," representing \$640 million wholesale.

Since the total actually ought to be closer to two million plants, going by this 10 percent bust equation, then the money total really ought

to be around \$1 billion. The whole North Carolina tobacco crop barely tops \$1.3 billion annually, which is enough to buy senators and representatives in Washington to lobby full time for the tobacco industry. If the North Carolina marijuana crop keeps flourishing and expanding like this, some predict, tobacco-company lawyer Jesse Helms may be replaced in the Senate after 1984 by some even fiercer born-again right-winger representing the state's wholly illicit dope lobby.

"A lot of the old moonshine bootleggers are now turning to growing marijuana," notes Wilson County detective A.N. Murray. "We've arrested a lot of the very same people... But it's not just the hillbilly-type moonshine

maker that's growing marijuana. A lot of people with superior educations are growing marijuana. They have their contacts to whom they can sell the whole crop."

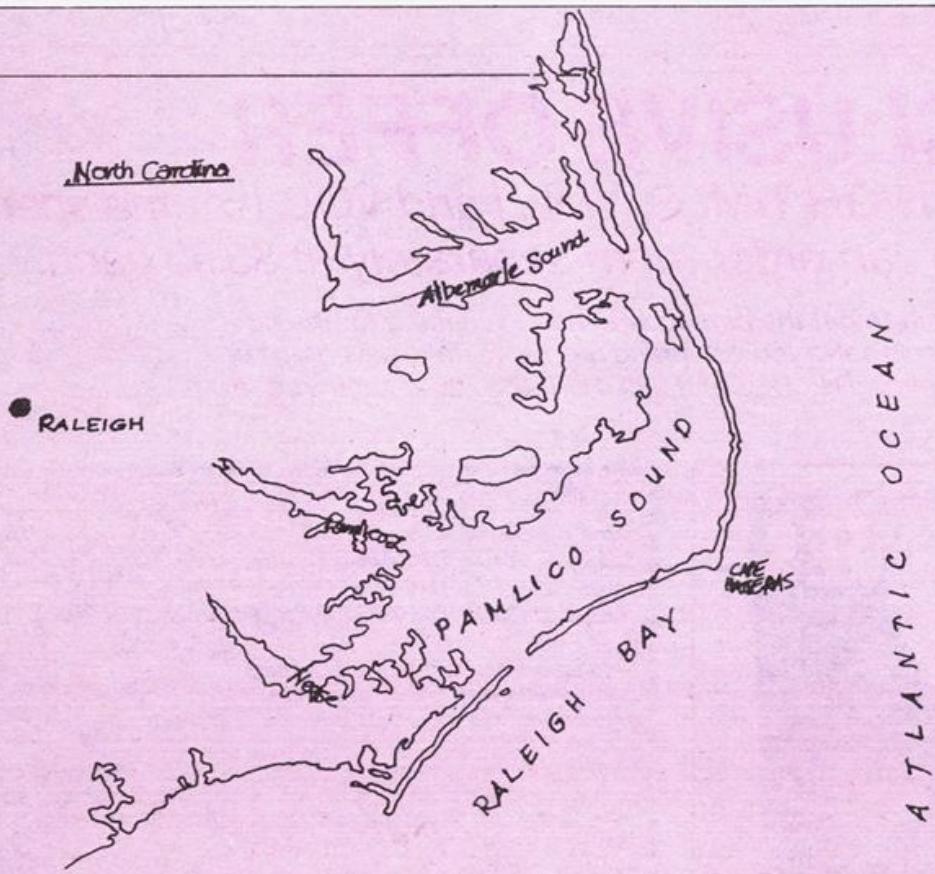
After the discovery of Pamlico Sound by marijuana smugglers in the late '70s, it was inevitable that before long the old moonshine gangs would get into domestic production of weed. The venerable pirate's paradise of Pamlico and Ablemarle, where Cape Hatteras furnishes an unpatrollable way station for transshipment of contraband to the smuggler coves and creeks of the Carolinas coastline, has largely replaced South Florida as the East Coast's main entrépot for Colombian *marimba*. It's come as a much needed shot in the arm to the old hillbilly

bootlegging syndicates, impoverished by the steady drop in demand for White Lightning. They switched neatly from hauling shine to hauling smoke; and when they learned that they could blame well grow their own commercial-quality smoke, they took to the project with proverbial hillbilly enthusiasm and diligence. With a little guidance from college-trained marijuana botanists, they've already turned grass into an industry rivaling nicotine.

No busts accompanied the preharvest weed roundup, for the reason that the growers mainly kept their plots down to 30 plants or fewer, in patches scattered widely around the hills in the deep woods. This method foils aircraft surveillance completely, though the cops always make a big production out of zooming around expensively in their fixed-wings for the benefit of public relations. Busts occur when someone happens to stumble across a pot patch, recognizes it as weed and is public-spirited enough to report it to the sheriff. Since this is the backwoods of North Carolina, chances are good the police are really pulling in a good deal less than 10 percent of the pot crop.

"There's just a lot more money in growing marijuana than there is in growing tobacco," detective Murray diagnoses it. Others suggest that the lack of any licensing requirements for marijuana has a lot to do with it. The moonshine-and-marijuana runners of the Carolinas simply aren't eligible for tobacco-raising licenses, which are dealt out by the state authorities to a tight circle of landed-gentry families. As long as marijuana's illegal, though, the hillbillies can grow and sell just as much as the market will bear. HT

North Carolina



VALIUM AND THE PILL: A SURPRISE SYNERGY



BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

WOMEN WHO TAKE ESTROGEN-based oral contraceptives may unknowingly get double their money's worth out of Valium, physicians at the Tufts-New England Medical Center have determined. Estrogen appears to slow down the rate at which active metabolites of diazepam—Valium's generic name—are eliminated from the body. Thus, women on the Pill are liable to be

under the influence of Valium for perhaps twice as long, after a single dose, as women who don't take the Pill.

In a study at Tufts comparing eight Pill-taking women with eight matched controls, it was found that a single dose of diazepam had a half-life of 70 hours in the estrogen group, compared to only 47 hours in the controls. As Dr. Darrell Abernethy of Tufts points out, this could result in a gradual buildup of active diazepam in women taking estrogen, resulting in daytime oversedation, physical discoordination and so on.

"Patients receiving both drugs should be monitored carefully for the possibility of increased diazepam effect,"

NEW HORRORS OF BEER REVEALED

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MEN WHO DRINK LOW-proof beer are likelier to be problem drinkers than men who drink still-proof distilled liquor, according to the American Society on Alcoholism. In a long-range epi-

demiological survey of 2,280 young males, which began in the 1960s, the society found that though fewer of them took to beer than to liquor, those who took to beer actually drank more aggregate alcohol over their lifetimes, and were notably more likely to have problems with their alcohol habits.

Of those who took to drinking, only 39 percent chose beer, while 49 percent opted for spirits. Since distilled liquor contains several hundred times more alcohol than beer, for beer drinkers to actually imbibe more aggregate alcohol than liquor heads, they have to drink prodigious amounts indeed. But a great many of them do precisely this, the society discovered, and many of them additionally tend to drink at home, isolated, instead of at taverns or parties. HT

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

Mex Smoke Swarms Mart

by Bud Bogart

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

Isn't this where it all began? Back in the infancy of the psychedelic revolution, when pot was searing its way across college campuses and working its way into the mainstream culture from its bebop birthplace, there was only one smoke available: Mexican. Just about every pot-smoker who launched their heads during that period did so on Mexican pot. Aside from a smattering of suitcase-stash exotics like Panama red, Mex was the only game in town. Then, in the mid '70s, it all but disappeared. Today it's back in earnest, the fastest-growing import on the scene.

According to the U.S. Customs Agency and the DEA, seizures of Mexican pot have skyrocketed the last year and a half after almost a decade of decline. Many of the busts are being made by beefed-up border patrol and immigration authorities trying to stem the burgeoning flow of illegal immigrants. But customs agents from Nogales to Brownsville are making their scores too, putting the bite on pot-laden campers, 18-wheelers and even a cement truck.

Some pot-market observers have predicted for years this would happen. The enormous and unwieldy Colombian connection, the reasoning went, could not withstand a strong challenge from law enforcement. As Caribbean- and Florida-based lawmen have tightened their control of the passage routes, Colombian weed has indeed become more scarce, and die-hard *contrabandistas* who won't give up the ship have been forced to become ever more ingenious in their journeys to port.

Meanwhile, the Mexican border became ever more appealing to those who would rather switch than fight. It's been a long time since D-men zeroed in on the 2,000-mile U.S./Mex. border—not since the infamous Operation Intercept dragnet by the old Bureau of Narcotics and Dangerous Drugs in 1969, one of the last skirmishes of that soon-to-be politicized agency under the Nixon administration. A total failure, the roadblock searches turned up a few Baggies of rumpled reefer and a slew of lawsuits from outraged drivers who had suffered heatstroke during the hours' long wait in the 130-degree-plus desert sun.

The neo-Mex pot has vacillated wildly on the national market. During last year's sinse season, Mexican sinsemilla triggered a price war when it suddenly popped up on the market at \$800 to \$1,200 a pound, a solid third less than its competitors. Shortly after the season peaked, basic seeded Mexican turned up, the classic beginner's Mex, with spindly, crispy buds, lots of shake and pea-size seeds. But

the price of this basic Mex was six to eight, stiff for commercial.

This season will probably see seeded Mex fall in line with Colombian commercial, running from the low fours to the mid fives on single elbows. Since strains will probably be at last year's prices. In any event, it will lessen the pressure on consumers caused by the Caribbean crackdown.

THMQ on NBC?... Since day one of this magazine's existence, one of its most attention-getting devices has been the Trans-High-Market Quotes, the listing of international and national dope prices. For years it has been a mainstay of pot-culture aficionados and the bain of its detractors. Its purpose has always been singular: to inform and educate dope consumers on the economics and politics of their culture.

Now NBC News has seen the light, and in a recent telecast presented what can only be described as the first network pot-market report. During the early fall flooding of the West Coast, caused by the seasonal rains there, the evening news on NBC reported that not only were homes and cars being swept away, but so too went tons of crops, "especially those close to the ground, such as tomatoes and cucumbers. Also affected," continued the report, "are California's considerable illegal crops" (at this point a towering sinsemilla plant fills the screen so no one misses the point), "which is expected to cause the cost of this already costly contraband to new highs." A good start, NBC, keep those reporters afield.

Paraphernalia... West Coast trippers say the Mr. Bill acid is the best blotter since Red Dragon... Mushroom cultivators seem to have finally settled on standard pricing, with freshies at \$15 to \$20 a Z, dries around \$150 a Z; remember, freshies are 90 percent water... Rumors kicking around about a gigantic sinse plantation in the Old South appear to be true: A crop of 26,000 plants will be harvested, with an estimated weight of up to 10 tons... A report in the *New York Post* cites an Israeli official as saying the meeting between Arafat and the Pope was inspired by Mafia influence, since the Mafia exports the Lebanese hash that the PLO gives them. Trouble with this is that virtually all of the pot fields and hash-producing regions are in the hands of the Israelis and the Christian Phalangists... Sinse growers living in the Corn Belt report widespread stem rot and damage from insects, and are demanding recompense from the Department of Agriculture... The national Yippie conference in San Francisco passed a program that will see them putting on annual smoke-ins in each of the 20 largest cities in the country.

TRANS-HIGH



QUOTATIONS

MARKET

AUSTRALIA

Queensland "border" sticks	homegrown king	one	1-16
Mullumbimby madness	kangaroo boo	oz	20-40
Colombian pot	tasty red & compressed	oz	75-225
Thai sticks	off the boats	one	15-20
		100	1000-1200
Compressed Thai	watch for local ersatz	oz	200-250
Putty hash	Lebanese Frankenstein	lb	210-250
Nepalese fingers	critic's choice	oz	2800-3000
Indian hash oil	champagne of oils	gm	20-45
Mushrooms	desert flowers	oz	420-620
LSD	Korean "tiles"	one	5-7
Methaqualone	Sat. nite special	one	100
Cocaine	even in cowboy country	gm	300-500
		oz	3000-3200

CANADA

Commercial Colombian Gold and red	good flow	oz	50-65
Colombian Hawaiian buds	gone like the wind	lb	500-650
Mexican tops	a few in season	oz	60-85
California sinsemilla	thimble-loads	lb	500-750
Homegrown pot	mild	oz	325-350
Hash	headscratcher	lb	2800-3600
LSD	red lab	oz	10-15
Methaqualone	your choice	lb	50-200
Cocaine	same boots as in States	one	140-175
	catching up to U.S. standards	gm	200-250
		oz	3000-3200

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta golds, reds	slow	oz	10-15
Commercial domestic	usual strong supply	oz	60-100
Colombian hash	forgettable	lb	2-5
Hash oil	a lost cause	lb	30-80
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	8-25
Cocaine	good assortment	oz	100-225
		lb	150-200
		oz	2500-3000

DENMARK

Imported weed	headster's status symbol	oz	1250-3750
Homegrown pot	subtle, typically European	oz	free to \$10
Moroccan hash	quality better this year than last	oz	50-100
Lebanese hash	transport problems solved	kg	1000-2000
Black Afghani hash	top banana	oz	60-120
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz	1200-2200
Cocaine	brisk market	gm	100-150
		oz	2500
		kilo	50,000

ECUADOR

Commercial Colombian Red and gold	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
	surprisingly, not that much	lb	60-100
	passable	oz	15-25
		lb	200
		oz	6-10
		lb	70-100

Esmeraldas swamp grass	the worst	oz	2-4
Cocaine base	lots	lb	40-60
Cocaine	pure as the driven snow	gm	negotiable
LSD	traded for blow	one	25-40

JAMAICA

Jamaican gold	color, sweetness varies	lb	375-450
Sinsemilla	super tops	lb	750-1500

MEXICO

Oaxacan tops	from expatriate Texans	oz	12-15
Mexican sinsemilla	worth a shot	lb	75-100
Acapulco gold	yippie	oz	10-12
Guerrero gold	muchos pesos when around	oz	90,000
Cocaine	turkey's special	lb	90-130

PANAMA

Seeded redhair	seedy but primo	oz	150
Red sinsemilla	still seedy, but stingy & stoney	lb	1650-1750
Panama red	rarely red, usually green-brown	oz	160

SAUDI ARABIA

Black Kashmiri hash	one of the world's great hashes	gm	20
Nepalese hash	fingers only	oz	250
Pakistan hash	fresh, pressed	oz	15-20
Afghani hash	greenish black, funny	gm	225-250
Lebanese red hash	a choker	oz	10-15
Cocaine	no shit, the real thing, but \$	gm	175-200

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins			
South Fork, Cal.	dark-cured skunk weed	oz	200
College Park, Md.	'ludes	one	4.50
Baker, Ore.	stairway to ?	oz	15
De Land, Fla.	cubensis shrooms, fresh and heady	oz	160
Jonesboro, Ga.	overpriced Colombian red, take it or leave it	lb	450
Keokuk, Iowa	dried but respectable lumbo	gm	7
Atlantic City	green ghani hash, rubbery	oz	200
Buffalo	pigpedigree toot, claim govt grade	oz	35
Milwaukee	beat Mex, rough and tumble	lb	525
Falfurrias, Tex.	tumbo pounds, compressed	oz	45

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	biggest harvest ever	oz	125-250
Commercial Mexican	some excellent	lb	20-50
Top-grade Mexican	gold and seedy	oz	200-450

Mexican sinsemilla	with a few sineses	oz	120-145
Jamaican	appears and disappears	lb	1200-1500
Jamaican sinsemilla	crackerjack when around	oz	35-45
Commercial Colombian Connisseur	spot droughts	lb	375-450
Colombian Connisseur	on the ascent	oz	700-1000

Thai sticks	doggy	lb	10-12
Loose Thai	sudden disappearance	oz	180-225
Hawaiian	some not so hot	lb	200-220
Moroccan hash	greenish black	oz	1950-2400
Citrali hash	back in town	lb	235-300

Lebanese hash	astonishing price drop	lb	150-180
Black Afghani hash	gov't seal	oz	75-110
Nepalese fingers	dreamy and aromatic	lb	650-1100
Paki hash	bits and pieces	oz	140-190
Psilocybin mushrooms	dried encapsulated	lb	1650

Peyote	making a comeback	one	5-10
LSD	100 mike blots	one	2-4
Cocaine	king of the one liners	gm	150-300
Methaqualone	best boots in the West	oz	325-400
Crosses and black beauts	erratic	lb	2000-3000

Meth- amphetamine	costly as coke	gm	75-110
Alaska	shake city	oz	50-65
Commercial Colombian Domestic	'tis the season	lb	550-650
sinsemilla	most available	oz	50-65
Mexican weed	B-grade here: A-1 there timberland	lb	500-600

Mainland sinsemilla	best boots in the West	oz	225-300
Thai sticks	big mover	gm	10-200
Lebanese hash	are you shitting me?	oz	130-200
Cocaine	bootkickers	one	100-175
LSD	blots	one	2000-2800

Methaqualone	bootkickers	one	350-500
Hawaii	victim of inflation	lb	225-275
Puna buds	banana-size buds	oz	225-275
Kona gold	emerald green	oz	200-250
Mauna Loa	best in years, reasonably priced	lb	200-250

Maui wowie	best from the lab	one	225-275
LSD	fresh for cheap	oz	2-4
Mushrooms	not a big mover	gm	free
Cocaine	speedy relief	oz	75-125
Amphetamines	endorsement of any particular dope.	one	2050-3000

HIGH TIMES welcomes anonymous reports, but please be specific about the area, type, quantity and quality of dope referred to. If you are aware of other prices or have other relevant information or suggestions, please send them in. The THMQ is intended solely for comparative purposes and in no way is meant as an inducement to illegal activity, or as an endorsement of dope usage or trafficking, or as an endorsement of any particular dope.

PERSPECTIVE ON VALIUM AND OTHER BENZODIAZEPINES

Valium (diazepam) is the second most commonly prescribed drug in the United States, and is the leading representative of the largest drug group in the world, the benzodiazepines. Valium is widely prescribed for the symptomatic relief of anxiety, insomnia, muscle spasm and is used in the treatment of convulsive disorders and alcohol dependence. Valium has a wide safety ratio and has less overdose potential than other nonbenzodiazepine drugs used for the same purpose, such as the short-acting barbiturates. However, alcohol intensifies the toxic effects of Valium and greatly increases the possibility of overdose and dependence. Individuals with a past or family history of alcoholism may have a psychobiological predisposition to addiction and can develop dependence on Valium at therapeutic doses when taken daily for more than three months. Individuals without such a predisposition, however, can take such a therapeutic dose without developing addiction. This differential response based on biological variability has caused great confusion in the minds of both consumers and physicians relative to the true addicting potential of Valium, and at what dose addiction will take place. Recent research has discovered specific benzodiazepine receptors in the brain, and it is possible that those individuals who are predisposed to addiction have hypersensitive benzodiazepine receptors that facilitate dependence even at therapeutic doses. All benzodiazepines, including the newer drugs being introduced for the relief of anxiety, such as Ativan® (lorepam), act through the same brain mechanism and have a similar acting potential to Valium. Switching from one benzodiazepine to another will not eliminate addiction but only change the character of addiction. Valium is a long-acting drug, whereas Ativan is a short-acting drug, but the addictive process is similar, just as in the opiate class: Methadone is a long-acting drug and heroin is a short-acting drug, but the addictive process is similar.

NATURE AND USE

Valium is a synthetic central

ABUSE FOLIO

VALIUM® (DIAZEPAM)

ALSO KNOWN AS:
VITAMIN V, BLUES

Medical advice by David Smith, M.D.
Written by David Smith and Rick Seymour

The authors do not advocate the
use of any psychoactive substances.

nervous system depressant and a sedative-hypnotic. This means it has similar qualities and effects to barbiturates and methaqualone. Valium has a variety of therapeutic uses. These include the relief of anxiety, insomnia and muscle spasm. It is also used in treating convulsions and the symptoms of alcohol withdrawal. Valium and other benzodiazepines have receptor sites in the brain that are localized in synaptic contact regions in the cerebral cortex, cerebellum and hippocampus.¹ They work in part by relaxing the large skeletal muscles. In recent years, Valium has gained some notoriety through media accounts of its effects both as a street drug and as a prescribed medication. However, when used judiciously, Valium and the other benzodiazepines have an excellent therapeutic ratio with well-established therapeutic indications, relatively few side effects and less overdose potential than most sedative-hypnotics.

HAZARDS AND LIABILITIES

Valium should not be taken if there is sensitivity to the other benzodiazepines: chlordiazepoxide, oxazepam, flurazepam, prazepam and clonazepam. It should not be taken by anyone with glaucoma as it can increase interior eye pressure. Valium will cross the placental barrier and should not be used during pregnancy. It should never be used in conjunction with alcohol—this combination can be fatal—or with any other sedative-hypnotic substance. There is danger of Valium dependence even at clinical dos-

ages. This danger greatly increases if the user has a personal or family history of alcoholism.² We have recommended that physicians with patients on long-term benzodiazepine therapy give these patients periodic "holidays" from the drug at a graded reduction or zero dosage level of approximately five days. This should be done every six months depending on patient needs.³

A dangerous result of adverse publicity in recent times has been the abrupt termination of Valium treatment. This should not be done. Abrupt withdrawal, as with other sedative-hypnotics, can cause extensive anxiety and agitation, withdrawal psychosis or life-threatening seizures. Overdoses on Valium are much less frequent than with other sedative-hypnotics, but they do occur. The symptoms are confusion, sleep or sleepiness, lack of response to pain, shallow breathing, lowered blood pressure and coma.

Valium has been used as a drug of deception. In several instances, counterfeit Quaaludes were found to contain high dosages of Valium.⁴

Note: With the termination of Valium treatment, there may be a rebound effect. This is the reemergence of symptoms that the drug was originally prescribed for, such as anxiety or agitation. The reemergence of original symptoms can be mistaken for withdrawal symptoms.

FIRST-AID PLUS

The need for increasing amounts of Valium to achieve therapeutic effects is a sign of developing tolerance and dependence. If this or any sub-

jective signs of habituation and dependence develop, see a doctor or a drug-treatment facility. Never attempt abrupt withdrawal from Valium after prolonged use, even at therapeutic levels. Gradual reduction or substitution and reduction of a slow-acting sedative-hypnotic, such as phenobarbital, under the care and supervision of a physician, is the safe way. Explore the possibilities of alternative symptom management with your physician if benzodiazepine treatment seems inappropriate, overly extended or if dependency begins to develop. Never mix Valium with alcohol, Quaaludes, short-acting barbiturates or any other sedative-hypnotic. These drugs potentiate the effects of one another, increasing the possibility of a life-threatening overdose far beyond that of any one of these drugs by itself. If an overdose occurs, the patient should be taken to an emergency room or poison center immediately, as severe depression of the cardiorespiratory system can develop. If possible, a sample of the drug taken should be brought along for analysis.

(NOTE: October 8-11, 1982, Dr. Smith and the Haight-Ashbury Training Projects hosted "The Benzodiazepines Today: Two Decades of Research and Clinical Experience," a national conference with continuing education credit for physicians and nurses. The proceedings of this conference were published in the *Journal of Psychoactive Drugs*. For information, call Stephanie Ross, [415] 626-6763.) □

¹ Wesson, Donald R., M.D. and Smith, David E., M.D., "Low-Dose Benzodiazepine Withdrawal Syndrome: Receptor Site Mediated." *Newsletter, California Society for the Treatment of Alcoholism and Other Drug Dependencies*, Vol. 9, No. 1, January/February 1982.

² Smith, David E., M.D., "Prescription Drugs and the Alcoholic: The Benzodiazepines—Therapeutic and Dependence Considerations." *Proceedings of the Eisenhower Medical Center*, winter 1981.

³ Smith, David E., M.D., "Importance of Gradual Dosage Reduction Following Low-Dose Benzodiazepine Therapy." *Newsletter, California Society for the Treatment of Alcoholism and Other Drug Dependencies*, Vol. 6, No. 2, April 1979.

⁴ Personal Communication—Caroline J. Ciancutti, ed., *Street Pharmacologist*.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO GANESH BABA



1. We don't have much duty, so enjoy. Relax. 2. I can take alcohol with you; I can also smoke with you. 3. Keep your backs straight. 4. Subscribe to HIGH TIMES.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM GANESH BABA:

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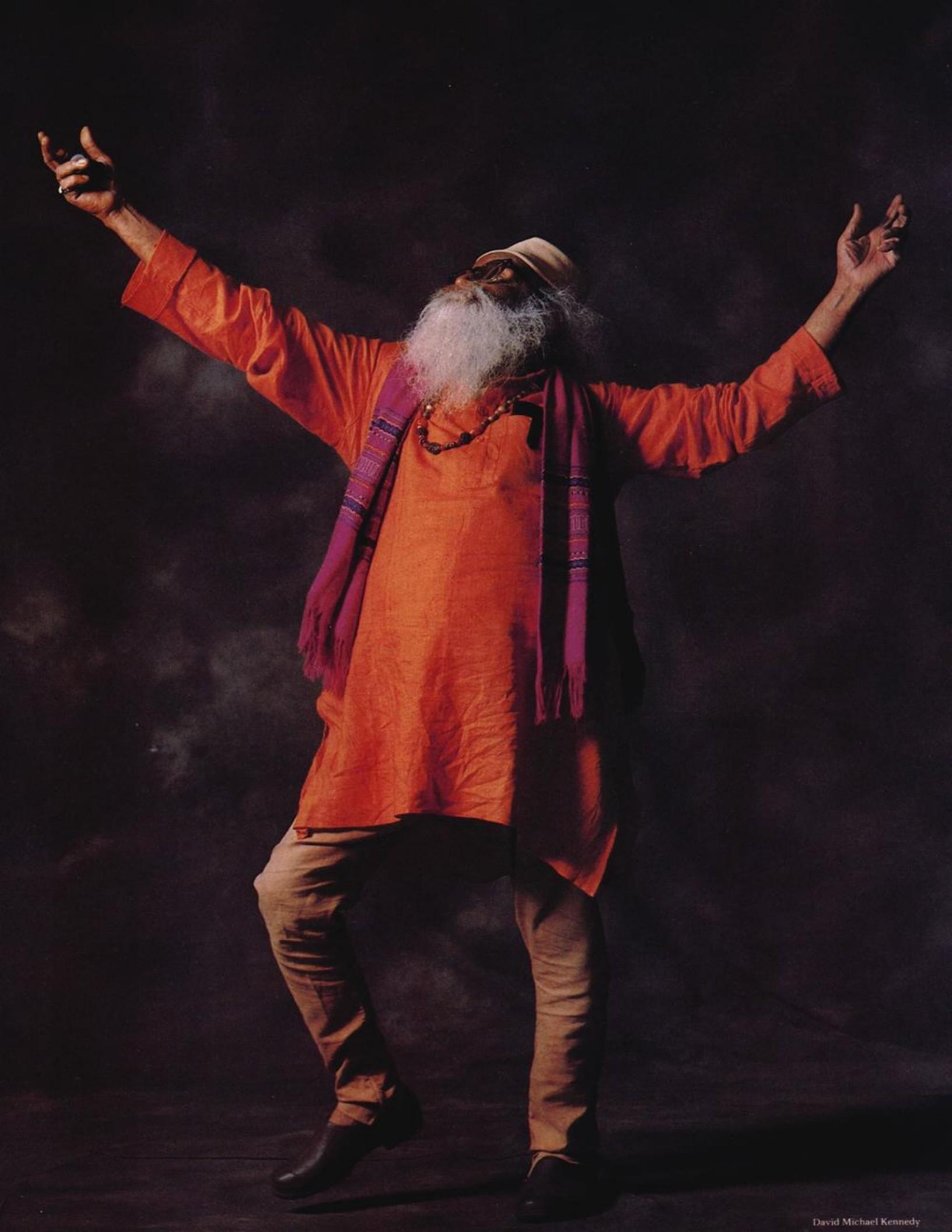
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David Michael Kennedy

G A N E S H B A B A

BY LARRY SLOMAN

He's a world-class bon vivant, pulling 90, who can pound back the bhang and do the snake dance with the best of them.

He's a genuine Indian guru, head of an order known as the Ananda Naga Babas, who dispenses a strange mixture of quantum physics and Vedantic philosophy.

He's a certified ganja monster, capable of inhaling enough high-powered sinse to induce coma in persons one-quarter his age.

He's Ganesh Baba. Born into a family of wealth and position, architect of an international financial empire, he forsook the material world after a chance encounter with a holy man some 30 years ago.

Ganesh moved to the United States a few years back, and he recently spent an afternoon up at the HIGH TIMES offices, spellbinding the staff with his homiletic wit and wisdom. He moved from office to office, freely offering advice on editorial matters, advertising strategies, point-of-sale displays and the art director's vitamin deficiencies.

We finally sequestered Ganesh in Editor-in-Chief Larry Sloman's office for some serious talk. Baba's presence attracted the Wise Men of the Weed, our fabled dope Connoisseur, "R." and Bud Bogart of Trans-High Market Analysis fame, as well as noted photographer and poet Ira Cohen, who first brought Ganesh to our attention. What follows then is a representative sample of the freewheeling philosophy of our favorite psychedelic hipster.

HIGH TIMES: How do you feel about the notion of the recreational use of drugs? We interviewed Allen Ginsberg recently and he deplored the mindlessness of some people who get stoned.

GANESH BABA: Look here, I'm a stoned person, so it's very difficult for me to speak very compactly or nicely, but that was the point I was trying to make. This marijuana culture I consider high culture. Psi-delta I call it. The alpha-beta culture, alcoholic, beefeaters I consider no culture. The psi-delta is higher because it awakens you, it alters you so your entire mechanistic, classical attitude becomes transmuted to a more holistic one, ever-grasping, all-embracing comprehensive synthesis. So I say, why if we are really free shall we not let people have their own freedom of enjoying what they want to enjoy. We can tell them as we are telling them in the cigarette ads. What is your general? Yes, the surgeon general determines marijuana smoking is bad for us. We can say that. Not everything is very nice. What freedom society? I tell you this—no free society. I come from a real free society. There is no freedom here. I challenge your pretense of freedom of affluence. And talking about America, I am not interested in any particular America or India. I am interested in humanity, united humanity. HIGH TIMES humanity. But you people are running this business here, employing a lot of people, having a very good opportunity to serve, to bring the great news that if not for marijuana, I tell you by now atomic war would have been fought.

HIGH TIMES: But Ginsberg's critique was that today's pot smokers engage in "sub-

jective sensationalism."

BABA: I call it objective paralyzing. Ha-ha. Now is the time to revive these things. Otherwise it will be a continuation of Vietnam. It is continuing in Lebanon and in Iraq. Every day in Pakistan and India. It's a worldwide trip. And once there is a mischance by these maniacs who are ruling the roost, it will end up in a terrific holocaust.

HIGH TIMES: What do you think of these gurus who tell their disciples not to get high on cannabis?

BABA: They are playing to that gallery of alcoholic, beefeating fools and mother-fuckers.

HIGH TIMES: Is there some fear that if their followers get high they will realize their guru isn't much higher than them?

BABA: First thing, I am not a guru. I am a friend. I am a friend of HIGH TIMES not today, but from the inception. I love it.

HIGH TIMES: But maybe these other gurus tell people not to smoke—

BABA: I tell people not to smoke. I also tell people not to drink. I tell people also not to fuck. So that they may not be too dissipated. So their growth may not be hampered. Look, I am like the grand old man of this high movement.

HIGH TIMES: You say, "Stop fucking and start living," but you also have said, "Without fucking there is nothing" and "Unless we fuck the mothers, we are not doing our duty."

BABA: These things don't matter to me. As long as we are alive and breathing and remembering that creation, that great miracle of creation, I don't think we have much duty to do. It's all set. Our forefathers have

ensured everything. So enjoy, relax. Why the hell are others begrudging others freedom when what you want is your freedom. I am talking like a grandfather at an American breakfast table. Ha ha ha.

HIGH TIMES: Were you a wild boy when you were young?

BABA: No, no. I ran much bigger offices than these. My father owned rice mills. Then I took the agency of this Quaker Oats company. Then I had a chain of movie theaters. Then I became a director of a mercantile bank. I employed two hundred barristers under my chain of operations.

HIGH TIMES: So you were a very successful businessman?

BABA: Yes. So as Buddha was a born king but in order to seek, have that freedom to seek and find on one's own, he had to abrogate all of that. And that is exactly what I did, though not intentionally. I was almost forced by circumstances, by a yoga great.

HIGH TIMES: Someone drew you away from the material world?

BABA: Yes. I was a big boss, multistoried office buildings, air conditioning, Chryslers, Pontiacs. One night I decided to go see a movie. It was a pretty picture in which a little girl is adopted by a person who had no child and later he had a child. And how this little girl is being mistreated and shut away when a big party is going on. And she's crying. I started crying. I identified her with my sister. We had lost our father when we were very young. My sister suddenly came into my head and I cried for a long time. I had not even cried when my father died, I had not a chance to cry to my heart's content because I was the head of the family. So that night

after I saw the picture, I wanted to take a walk back to where I lived. So I was walking, walking, walking, and I came to a small little Muslim *mazhar*—the grave of a saint, who was sitting there and had died and was buried there. And there were wonderful flowers there. And after that walking and crying I felt that something was happening within me. A sort of psychodynamic, psychochemical reaction had taken place. So when I came to this place, there was incense burning and beautiful flowers and I stood there and looked up and there was a man standing there with long hair, who I later realized was Paramahansa Yogananda. And I looked at him and a complete amnesia took place. I thought, where was my house? What was my name? Everything I forgot. For a half hour I stood there, the smell and the sight of the flowers and that vibration of that great saint, it did something to me. When I went back home that night I slept, and at three A.M. I got up and started writing something. In the morning my nephew came in and he started crying. I said, "Why are you crying?" He said, "You don't know what you're writing? That you are renouncing the world! And giving instructions to attorneys and lawyers and bankers." "So what does it matter," I said, and he started howling. But I felt such a sense of relief. Then it became known, and he started calling people and they started coming around and they requested me to reconsider my resignation for one month's time. They were thinking of bringing my mommy in but my soul, that evening, it had realized itself. That's called a spiritual call. A call to throw away the shackles that bind us. So after that night I felt that I couldn't wait, and after one week I felt as if my whole breath was going out and some inner voice said go, go out. So I went out and never looked back. Of course, after awhile my mommy did find me. And she became my first disciple.

HIGH TIMES: You joined the Naga order. Could you tell us a bit about the Nagas?

BABA: They are the oldest order of monks. There is no history of any other monastic order prior to the Naga order. So it is a continuing drama of the psychedelic cult. The Don Juans are Nagas in our eyes. The shamans are Nagas. The Nagas are psychedelics and they live freely—they do not want to be involved in family life. They like to live free of groups, eating fresh food, reducing want, reducing a sense of being poor, reducing your dependence on superficiality. Yet living luxuriously. Like lions, not like big cats.

HIGH TIMES: You got high for the first time when you were in your fifties?

BABA: Oh, later than my fifties.

HIGH TIMES: Can you describe that first time?

BABA: I was prohibited from smoking

because I belonged to an order that was neutral, completely without intoxicants. So one day I was walking and one of my uncle gurus approached me. He said, "Look here, Ganesh, you are doing a lot and you are doing well, but you are getting old and you should know that without smoking you will not be able to carry on long." And he reminded me of my first guru who had gone into the psychedelic. So I went and found a guru, he was also a man of about a hundred and three or a hundred and four, and there was a big feast, four hundred people having dinner and I was initiated in the proper way. I had the first smoke. When I first smoked I went back to my room. Very nice, groovy place, beautiful cashew-nut trees. And you know my first impressions? I remembered my old American friends from twenty years

ago and smoking and walking with open movements and dangling doodies. Ha ha ha ha!

HIGH TIMES: What kind of grass was that?

BABA: Not as high quality as I am smoking now, but later on I smoked hashish of such high quality—I don't think you can afford it here or anybody can in the world. Because after the psychedelia became popular, became a very commercial proposition, all the vices of tourism, ha ha ha, all those guided tours, they have dropped it.

HIGH TIMES: What do you think of American homegrown since?

BABA: I am constantly feeling sleepy because this marijuana here is very high, but it also has its taint from the vibrational point of view. The soil has its taint because the soil was won by killing like rats the people who lived here, so it's tainted to that extent, my Uncle Sam's sinse.

HIGH TIMES: Do you drink wine at all?

BABA: Sometimes, yes. I am not a prude.

HIGH TIMES: What's your favorite psychedelic?

BABA: Marijuana as well as LSD, because to these I have ready access. Now I've got ready access to mushrooms because I know a horticulturist. Yah, yah, yah.

HIGH TIMES: What do you think is the highest you've been?

BABA: Look here, one thing I must tell you. This chemical highness is not really the end of the heights. What the chemical does is like a booster. It is not the main rocket. Ha ha ha. The main rocket is the *kundalini*, the rising biopsychic potential. Just as there is an electromagnetic field, similarly there is a biopsychic field. Cannabis does nothing, it just gives a little boost. In order to get high you have to soar high. We are not normally in the high.

HIGH TIMES: Are there other ways to escape the gravitational spheres?

BABA: I have been telling people who are smoking that they must carry their backbone upright if they don't want to be fucked up. My slogan to the hippies was "Buck up or fuck up." Ha ha ha! But our movement has achieved wonderful things. It has altered the entire course of music; it has altered the course of human relations; it has altered racist attitudes and it has brought some measure of solid, active work for peace, especially for nuclear freeze—which is the first plank of all peace to come.

HIGH TIMES: Do you think that the hippie movement is nearly extinct, and that a new materialism has replaced it among the youth?

BABA: There are only two alternatives: our proceeding towards peace, and sheer holocaust—sheer annihilation of humanity as a species. The choices are there. If our movement succeeds, we may be able to stifle the tide, the hastening for auto-suicide.

HIGH TIMES: Is it true that you knew Albert



Ira Cohen

earlier when I was a liaison officer to the American army. I had never seen bearded American men. Americans were all clean shaven, straight, very nice. So these people came to my mind, and I had a vision of long-haired, long-bearded Americans. They rose as if the shadow of the future came into my mind. And I said if they share with me this beautiful experience, the language between the right brain and the left brain, beautiful communication can take place, a beautiful synthesis. How happy I would be to share these things with them. And then I started seeing American people with beards and smoking accessories, much better equipped than me, start arriving.

HIGH TIMES: So the first time you smoked, your first insight was that Americans would love this stuff? You feel that left brain, right brain is like West and East, and dope bridges that gap?

BABA: That's what I felt. I think almost by accident, like Albert Hoffman and LSD, I triggered this hippie movement, the movement of throwing off your shackles of soci-

Einstein?

BABA: I started my life as a physicist. Einstein. I have sat at his feet. I have carried his hat. He was a great friend of one of my great gurus, Doctor Ravindra Tagore. Tagore was a Nobel laureate, and Einstein used to spend every winter as a visiting professor of physics at Calcutta University where I studied. He corrected my papers.

HIGH TIMES: Did Einstein smoke cannabis or drink bhang?

BABA: That I cannot say. I'm sure Tagore must have turned him onto bhang because Tagore was very fond of it.

HIGH TIMES: That's how they got the Big Bang theory.

BABA: Exactly. Ha ha ha. But I have transcended Einstein as every true student must transcend his master, otherwise there cannot be human progress. If people get stuck where the master ended there can be no progress.

HIGH TIMES: Where was Einstein stuck?

BABA: He was stuck in the physical world. He did not bring in the biopsychic phenomena.

HIGH TIMES: Wasn't he spiritual though?

BABA: Of course, he used to talk with God. Not talking our language. Talking His language, because God does not know our language. He knows the language of nature, which is mathematics and quantum mechanics.

HIGH TIMES: Did you see *Star Wars*?

BABA: You know, of *Star Wars*, I'm only impressed with Mister Spock.

HIGH TIMES: That's *Star Trek*. What did you like about Spock?

BABA: He represents to me the perfection of mechanistic life. There are two approaches, as I've said—the mechanistic, classical approach, and the relativistic, quantum mechanistic approach. I believe in the synthesis of both. We need the mechanistic approach for our survival-chore operations, but for living, for understanding the continuity of our existence, we need more. Not only thinking we are a bundle of material molecules. The alpha-beta state of consciousness to which we have associated all our lives—the vicious struggle for survival, killing for having the lands and then fighting wars after wars after wars and never ending—that has to change. The young people of today are not prepared to accept only the materialistic survival-chore side. They also want to open to the higher dimensions of existence. So they could not be contained within that framework of a Vietnam war alpha-beta consciousness. So, necessity being the mother of invention, they went and invented this. I take them as the great pioneers. I've seen braver hippies than the Marco Polos or the Ghengis Khans or the Alexanders. They have taken humanity, dream, to some recognizable, practical form

continued on page 84

Buck Up or Fuck Up: The Wit and Wisdom of Ganesh Baba compiled by Ira Cohen

Self-satisfaction is the point. Then you can fuck yourself. Physical sex is redundant nonsense.

Let me blow myself up—that is my philosophy.

Real magicians don't perform magic. Magic follows them.

I am a little brown Santa Claus.

To the Swami, every man is a Brahma.

Again it comes down to penetration.

I will smoke your gift.

Christ was a cosmopolitan.

Keep your back straight and you will be able to go five days without sleep and fuck five times a day.

I'll take your ghee, I'll take your butter, I'll take your money and your honey. I love cows and women.

We do not need saints now, we need seers.

Defy sleep, defy hunger.

Why should I resent the rising moon?

On the higher life, Ganesh Baba says: "It is humanly impossible, but divinely available."

How can I be loving when my stash is dwindling?

A Naga is a worshiper of the inner serpent.

When hipsters jabber, little kids should tremble.

Maya is molecular hallucination.

Nothing spectacular is going to emerge from motherfuckers.

Ganesh Baba says he studied under Dale Carnegie: "He was a great master, greater than those modern Indian phonies. He said, 'Stop fucking. Start living.'"

On sex: "We cannot be thunderstruck by these tissues."

Once a psychedelic, always a psychedelic.

Sensation should not affect you, but the principle behind the sensation.

What Marx called synthesis, Christ called God.

No sucking in our ashram.

If you have to pay five rupees to see Rajneesh, then you have to pay five rupees to see my doodoo.

The history of India is a continuous stream of high hoax.

Beware of India. This is my last comment.

Another comment: "India is okay. Beware of Indians."

Don't cut the vegetables. Make them whole.

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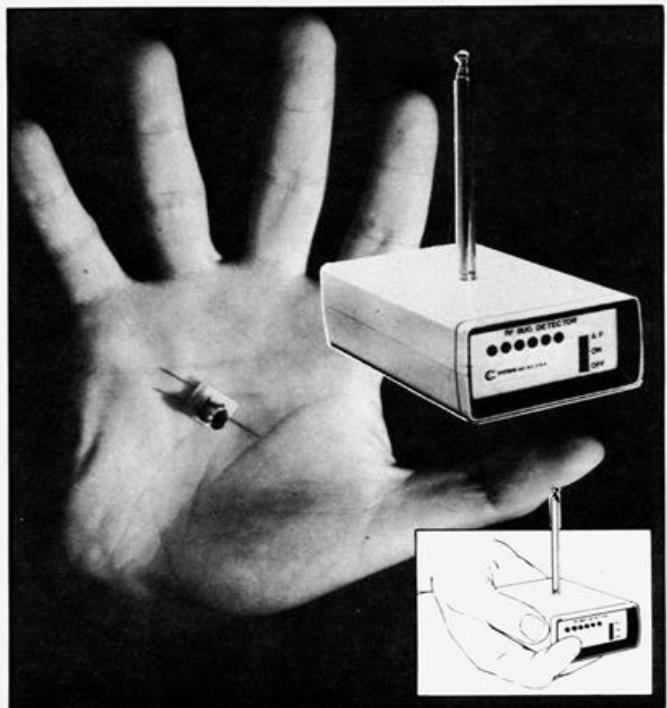
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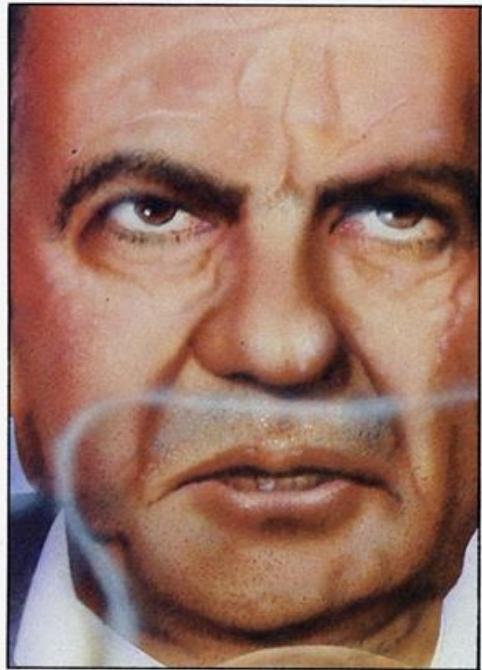
Curt Hoppe

The Night Daddy Caught Us (Or Them) Smoking Marijuana
BY JULIE NIXON EISENHOWER. SATIRE BY JON PELZER

As if being Richard Nixon's daughter wasn't humiliating enough, I had to go and marry David Eisenhower! I must be a friggin' masochist!

The absolute worst period was when both potato heads needed my caninelike devotion at the same time, which was the case in the spring of '74.

You see, Daddy was still trying his paranoid best not to be thrown out on his executive ass, and, pathetic as he was, I couldn't



'I'm overdosing,' he wept. 'I know it! It was described in a criminal procedure case we read!'

fight the impulse to offer him my unquestioning support.

Problem was, David had his first-year law exams in a week and old elephant ears was a wussed-out wreck. In fact, I've never seen a person perspire so much, except of course for Daddy, who once managed to sweat-stain an entire suit during a winter trip to Anchorage.

David said he just wanted to do better than all those Jews in his class always making Watergate jokes. I think he was scared

shitless of flunking out.

Anyway, when I suggested that we spend a weekend at the White House with Daddy, David went into one of his "crybaby" tantrums.

"You know I won't be able to get any studying done!" he whined. "Especially with that...that...armchair athlete around!"

"Don't ever call him that again!" I snapped back reflexively. "At least respect the office!"

As much as it ticked me off, David was right. Even though Daddy always talked like Knute Rockne, the only times he got off the bench at Whittier were to take a leak.

"Besides," David continued, "why should I go out of my way for someone who doesn't even like me?"

"He likes you," I lied, knowing how the very thought of David made Daddy dry heave.

What I couldn't get David to appreciate was that times were rough for Daddy. Not only were all his old jock-talking buddies in jail, but even John Mitchell, his favorite Oval Office farting competitor, was passing gas in the big house.

I guess things wouldn't have been so bad for him if Mother hadn't picked 1974 as the year she'd try and dry out back in California.

"But why is it always us?!" David pressed me. "Tricia and Ed never visit!"

Again, David was painfully right, and it made me nauseous.

Ever since this whole Watergate thing hit the fan, Tricia and that frat-sleaze husband of hers hadn't shown their faces at the White House once, not even for the Easter Egg Roll.

I mean, wasn't he her Daddy, too?

I asked Tricia what the story was a few months earlier, when I was in New York to tape a "Dick Cavett" show. Ed was at the gym, so we could get some serious girl-talk done.

"It's simple," Tricia began. "Daddy's a cluck. And the sooner you realize that, Julie, the better off you'll be."

"I realize that," I assured her, "but he's still our father. Don't you feel any obligation toward him at all?"

"Cut me a break," Tricia spat, touching her hair, which looked even lighter than the last time I saw it. "Because of that moron, Ed and I still can't get into Studio 54. They love turning us away."

She didn't have to tell me how difficult it was being a Nixon daughter.

"You and David should start enjoying yourselves, already," an honestly happy-sounding Tricia advised me. "Since we stopped hanging around Daddy and Mother, I wear slacks in public and go to the movies."

While I tried to remember the last time Howdy Doody and I went to a flick, Tricia put her hand on my shoulder and said quietly, "Julie, Ed and I now have friends."

"Friends," I thought to myself. "That must be great!"

Just as I was beginning to weaken and see her side, she casually added that she and Ed "now took pot." With that, she calmly took out what I knew from a "Kojak" rerun to be a marijuana cigarette.

I was shocked.

"Daddy won't even go to Oregon because they use it there," I reminded her, retreating to the safety of my "good daughter" role. "What if you get caught? Don't you think Daddy's got enough problems?"

"Fuck him," she said, inhaling deeply.

As the rather sweet smell of the marijuana filled the room, Tricia coughed that it was "great for sex."

"You have sex?" I asked incredulously.

"Sometimes twice a month," was her matter-of-fact reply.

While she tried to convince me to "lighten up" and try her "really good shit," I decided to leave, more out of confusion than anything else.

Tricia and I used to see everything the same way. I can remember when we both viewed sex as an unpleasant but essential way of ensuring free campaign help.

Now, while Tricia and Ed balled like a couple of Democrats, I argued with David about seeing Daddy, who, I convinced myself, appreciated my slavish fealty.

After I swore on his favorite stuffed animal that David would only have to talk with Daddy at dinner, he agreed to go, but only after Norman dropped off his contracts book.

Norman Eisman was this guy in David's contracts class, and, from what I could tell, a real Jew. One time, when David spilled coffee in the law school cafeteria, Norman said, "Good thing you weren't in charge of D day."

David thought it was just his way of being friendly. I think he made David look like a tool.

When Norman arrived, he was wearing a VISIT SAN CLEMENTE, YOU PAID FOR IT button. Like a jerk, David laughed while I fumed.

With a wink, Norman said "Enjoy," and left.

Finally in our limo, David told me for the umpteenth time about his recurring nightmare, where, instead of putting his secret code on his exam booklets, he writes "Richard Nixon's son-in-law" and flunks out.

(They say that a girl looks for her father in her husband. To the extent that both Daddy and David are paranoid *putzes*, I guess you could say that I found him.)

After we drove through the White House gate, David made the car pull up to the servant's entrance in the South Wing. This way, he thought we'd avoid running into Daddy first thing, and he could get some studying done.

Knowing the kind of illegal surveillance nut Daddy's always been, I knew it wouldn't work—and it didn't.

Before we could even put our toothbrushes in the second-floor American Suite bathroom, Daddy barged in, bug-eyed and sweaty, his usual reaction to too much cof-

fee or any amount of pressure.

"Trish!" he bellowed, hugging me for the first time as David ran off to hide in the bathroom. "It's so good to see you! I've missed you so much! Where's Ed? I know I heard his voice."

He moved toward a small desk lamp and began tapping gently. "Testing, testing, one-two-three."

"Trish"? "Ed"? I puzzled. Did Daddy think that me and David were Trish and Ed? It was then I realized that Daddy was not only a miserable wretch but also a major loon.

While he kept yelling "How about those Redskins!" through the bathroom door, I assured him that "Ed" would talk sports with him at dinner.

"Trish," he began, holding me by the shoulders, "I want you to know that I truly respect the way you've done 'your own thing,' and not used me to get media attention, like that parasite Julie. Did you see her on *Cavett*? What a ham!"

He then whispered in my ear that "Julie isn't even in my will anymore."

With that, he kissed me on the lips and left.

What I felt at that moment was more than the devastation of parental rejection. I felt like a bimbo for wasting all those years ass-kissing Daddy, when I could've been having sex and wearing slacks like "Trish"!

Well, from now on, it was "Hand over the peroxide, mister!" If the old goat wants company, he can try and sober Mother up!

Just then, David came out of the bathroom with his open contracts book and a dumber than ordinary expression on his ferretlike face.

"Why would Norman keep spices in my book?" he wanted to know.

In the seam of his contracts book was something I'd only seen twice before; once on "Kojak" and once at Tricia's. Since I didn't want David to freak out, I told him it was "a Jewish way of keeping spices fresh," and that I'd flush it down the toilet.

But, as I picked up the seat, I thought, "Hey, wait a minute, if it's really Tricia that Daddy wants, it's Tricia he'll get!"

While David started his seventh and final contracts outline, I filled and lit his pipe, taking a few extra puffs, which he didn't seem to notice.

About 20 minutes later, it was with a growing tingling sensation in the walls of my vagina that I watched him study the same page, for what seemed an hour.

No longer was he simply a husband with big ears and acne scars. Suddenly, David was a brooding, physical man, capable of slipping you the tongue, even after you've said "No!"

I found myself wondering if his long and fleshy lobes were indicative of anything else.

I shoved the desk lamp under the pillow for some privacy, then began running my hand along the left inseam of David's favorite plaid polyesters.

"What's that funny smell?" David asked with glazed eyes. "And why do I feel like I could eat a horse?"

"We just used marijuana," I unwisely told him.

Rising slowly, David clutched his chest. "Am I still breathing?" he hyperventilated. I could tell he was having what Kojak called a "bad trip."

"I'm overdosing!" he wept. "I know it! It was described in a criminal procedure case we read!"

Like Kojak did to the overdosing Negro on the show, I slapped David hard, sending a shiver from my hair bun to my Brooks Brothers pumps. David seemed to enjoy it too, though he was quite concerned that we'd get caught.

"We won't," I assured him.

It was then I realized how true that statement was.

I quickly took the lamp out from under the pillow, held it close to my mouth and shouted, "Ed, why don't you make another one of those marijuana cigarettes that I like so much?"

I thought that shafting Tricia and Ed would appeal to David, and I was right. With a sly grin, he put his arms around me for the first time and said, in the direction of the lamp, "You're beautiful when you're on drugs, Tricia."

David was just about to cop an outside feel when Daddy burst into the room, a pair of earphones dangling around his neck.

"That's it, clown!" he growled at David. "Your attorney days are over, unless you're interested in the jailhouse variety!"

Knowing the old coot wouldn't turn us in because of the publicity, I decided to play it to the hilt.

"Don't we smoke marijuana all the time?" I asked David.

"Only when we're not on LSD," he coolly answered.

"And wouldn't it be hypocritical not to now, just because we're here?"

"You bet, Toots."

Daddy, with waves of sweat crashing down his forehead, pointed a shaky finger at me.

"I want you and that mainlining husband of yours out of here first thing in the morning!" he barked through clenched teeth. "And don't ever show your faces around here again!"

(In retrospect, that was pretty funny, since in a matter of months Daddy wouldn't be able to show his face at the White House either.)

"You can forget about the will, too," Daddy added at the door. "I'm putting Julie back in, instead. At least she doesn't treat the White House like it was Oregon!"

After he left, David looked at me with his newly acquired bedroom eyes.

"I'm famished," he groaned.

"So am I!"

In a matter of seconds, we were satisfying each other's appetites on the floor, the toilet—everywhere but the bed!

Since that night, the whole pace of our lives has become more manageable and, yes, fun.

David and I have made our own drug contacts and he's actually turned himself into something of a bong expert. (Oh, David did flunk out of law school, but he took it very well.)

Our sex lives have kept pace with our growing drug experimentation, and I know that I could now even teach Tricia a posi-



T

imes were rough for Daddy; even John Mitchell, his favorite Oval Office farting competitor, was passing gas in the big house.

tion or two.

Speaking of the bleached bitch, I sent her a note telling her about Daddy's will change, because I thought she should know.

David and I later found out that she and Ed regularly tried to see Daddy out at San Clemente, but that he always turned them away.

If only Tricia could learn to relax and enjoy life. □

THE ROAD OF EXCESS LEADS TO THE PALACE OF
IGGY POP—THE PROOF OF WHICH ARE THESE EXCERPTS
TAKEN FROM HIS NEW AUTOBIOGRAPHY, I NEED MORE.

I NEED MORE

Weird
Tales
from the
Rock
'n'
Roll
Crucible

With ANNE WEHRER

by
**IGGY
POP**



VIOLENCE IN THE BASEMENT... LARCENY IN THE STOOGES' DRESSING ROOM... SPIT AT IN DETROIT... REDEMPTION AND PING-PONG WITH BOWIE...

Something about Myself

Maybe I should tell you something about myself. I used to go to high school. By the time I was 20 I had this band of my own, the Stooges. I wanted to be a lead singer, you know, and write songs, you know, and la-di-da.

None of us were real musicians—I had been a good drummer, but that's not being a singer, right? The rest of them had been in this band they called the Dirty Shames. They used to play along with records, at least whatever notes they knew on the record. When they didn't know a note they didn't play. So that's the Dirty Shames—a one-note samba band.

Anyway, we formed a band and did nothing but talk bull-

shit for months and months. I actually provoked the fellows into practicing by, mainly, scoring a quantity of grass or hash. We were young and just getting into smoking, you know, we loved it.

When we first started rehearsing, it was in the winter and I was living with my mother and father because I had no money. I'd get up in the morning, and my mom would leave me \$2.50 on the kitchen table. We lived in a trailer court about five miles across town from where Ronny and Scotty Asheton—our bassist and drummer—lived. It was about 10 miles by bus, and I'd take the bus hither and yon, over hill and dale. I'd also have to walk. I'd put on all these heavy clothes, and then I'd take

a little bit of hash or grass or whatever I had in my pocket, la-di-da...

We had to practice, and we had to start in something resembling the morning because their mother got home at three-thirty from work and wouldn't allow loud music. She wanted to relax when she got home from work.

But these guys were like, the laziest juvenile delinquent sort of pig-slobs ever born, right? Really spoiled rotten and babied by their mothers and white bread and chocolate and fighting and you name it. Literally spoiled rotten. In fact, one of them, Dave, was spoiled to death. It was terrible. He was just too drunk to live.

I'd make that trek and then the trick would be to get one of

them to open the door because they'd always sleep roundly, soundly, until around noon. They would always be asleep and I'd ring, ring, ring, ring the bell. Sometimes they'd answer and sometimes they wouldn't. So I had to turn on the garden hose and spray their windows, throw rocks, yell weird things, throw snowballs. Finally I'd get in and then I'd have to wake them up a couple more times. They were really moody guys. Very hard to wake up. I'd spin a few records to get them in the mood. Later on, Dave, who lived down the street, would pop over. But at this time it was just the three of us, me and Ronny and Scott.

Finally, by about two, I'd actually gotten everybody to where they'd play some music and we'd go down to the basement. We'd go down to the basement and turn off all the lights, and once we'd get down to it these guys had a fairly strong degree of concentration to give something like music—something fanciful. They'd been just such totally free, undisciplined, spoiled, derelict guys for so long that they were really good at things like TV watching, or making wonderful creations, like collages out of advertisements and things. Of course, feeling real stoned was a necessity—only on smoke at this time...

continued on next page

THERE SEEMS TO
BE THIS DISCREPANCY
BETWEEN BADASS
MUSIC AND REALLY
BEING A BADASS...
I AIN'T A BADASS.



I've got them in the basement, all the lights out, only the Christmas tree lights and sort of an amber lamp on the floor and I'd play this sort of wild Hawaiian guitar with a pickup that I had invented, which meant that I made two sounds at one time, like an airplane. That's the only way I can describe it, it sounds like an airplane.

Anyway, so I played that and Ron played the bass and I taught Scotty how to play drums, with a drum set I designed. We felt we should buy him real drums, but I had already worked for a month at two jobs—one serving burgers, fries and colas; the other as stock boy at Discount Records of Ann Arbor—and that month of employment was the end of my rope. I worked long enough to buy a small Fender Princeton amplifier and a Kustom piggyback amp that sounded like shit and was covered in tuck-and-roll Naugahyde—like any other country nigger, I couldn't resist. I found myself unable to continue work to finance a set of proper drums.

So, using 55-gallon oil cans which I got from a junkyard and rigged up as bass drums, I homemade a drum set. For drumsticks I designed these semiplastic molded hammers.

Scotty beat the shit out of these cans; it sounded like an earthquake—thunderous. We lit all these drums in black light, and they were scrawled with obscenities like "tit" and "pussy."

On the front of these drums were written Indian symbols for like love and regeneration. (The Stooges had two sides, you know: One side was just totally foul, very weird, very into fascism, into violence.) Then we proceeded to play just this thunderous, racy music, which would drone on and on, varying the themes. It was entirely instrumental at this time, like jazz gone wild. It was very North African, a very tribal sound: very electronic.

We would play like that for about 10 minutes. Then everybody would have to get really stoned again. The entire band, after 10 minutes, would be blown: "Oh, wow, man, I'm exhausted." But what we had put into 10 minutes was so total and so very savage—the earth shook, then cracked and swallowed all misery whole.

We'd take up again to play. I'd play the organ, and Ron would play guitar. And we'd just play this exploratory, very emotional music.

We weren't interested in anything like writing a song or making a chord change. I didn't bother with anything like that

until I had a recording; once I had the contract I thought I'd better really learn how to write some songs—so I did.

Our music was flowing and very conceptual. We'd have just one given song, called "Wind Up," or I'd change the title to "Asthma Attack" or "Goodbye Bozos" or, I don't know, "Jesus Loves the Stooges." So, la-di-da, that's how we started out.

Allman Roadies

One time the Rawpower Stooges played in Nashville, Tennessee, at a joint called Mother's. And the support band to play with us were the roadies of the Allman Brothers, who were then very big, right? These guys had muscles on their muscles, and they were everything you think of as shit-kicking, badass, top-drawer roadies—for that sort of group—right? I mean, these guys were tough and mean and long-haired, lantern-jawed, cowboyed out and everything.

So they were doing their sound check when we came in, and James is dressed up in this outfit that has a diamond-shaped piece cut out in the middle exposing his skin, like Spider Man or something. It's weird looking. It shows his belly button and his breasts, and he looks a bit like a parrot or something, like a faggot, I guess—not to me, of course. I was wearing a sarong, just a simple sarong over Cabaretta knee boots and a little shawl. And they looked at us and said, "Wow! Isn't that some fuckin' nice, finger-licking good, wet pussy! Oh, look at that! Oooh-wee, hidee-heyy, you girls got some pussy in there? I bet you do, little honey," la-di-da, and everything.

We were scared and locked ourselves in the bathroom, right? Locked the door, and they were pounding on the door of the bathroom. "Come on outta there, puss. We're gonna be real good, good lovin' for you." They were getting nastier and nastier.

But then it was time to go on, and we went out and played our gig. When we came off and hit the dressing trailer, there they were to apologize to us. Yeah, they apologized: "We all didn't know that you all could play like that."

There seems to be this discrepancy between badass mu-



sic and really being a badass. Ha, because I ain't, you know, a badass.

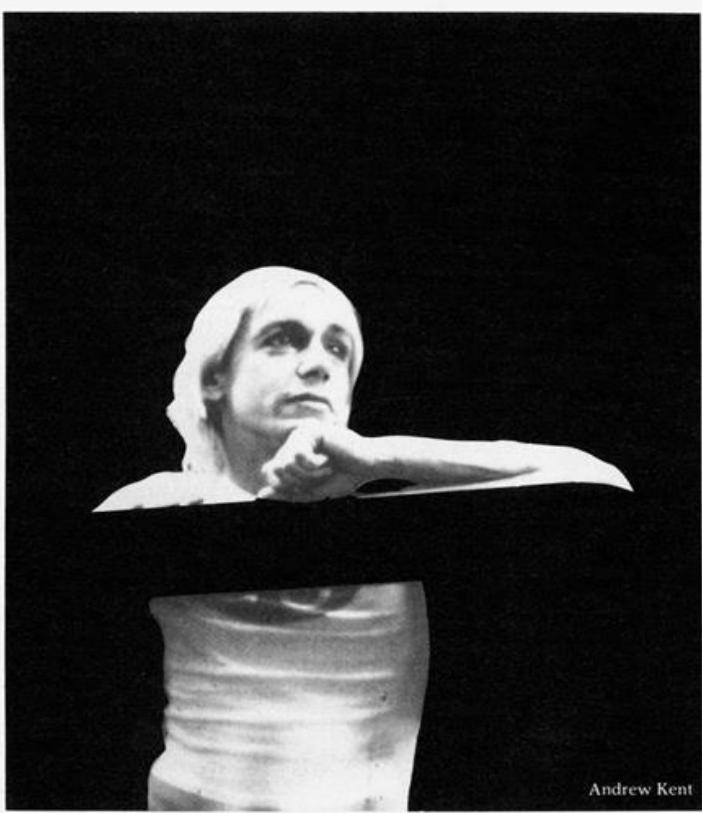
After that gig James cleared the entire dressing room of every radio: He liked to steal things at gigs. That was his kick.

Drugged in the City

Iggy Pop goes to the city to get drugged. The Stooges had a date. At this point we were privileged to return to a club called Ongano's, run by brothers Arnie and Nick, lovely gentlemen and true believers. This was about the only small club you could play—now closed down. We had a four-night stand.

You gotta understand that I was still like Topcat, the cartoon character. I was very lazy, and happiest dozing in a garbage can. I mean, four nights in a row? In a row? "Hey, I don't know, man." At this time we were playing 45-minute sets. I finally accepted the gig and came to New York. I had a couple of days rehearsals. We'd never appeared more than two nights in a row, and one set a night, of course, was all you got.

I met this guy at the Chelsea Hotel named Billy who had a lot of cocaine—good coke. And we were pretty poor guys, you know. So, before the first gig, I went up, marched up, in all my glory into Elektra Records, into a plush new office in the Gulf & Western Building. The design is space age, and I go to Jack Holzman, the president, who sends me to Bill Harvey, general manager. And I say, "Bill, here is where it's at. We've got four straight nights, and you know that this is a sacrifice on my part." I carefully explained that I wouldn't dare do to my body what my body wasn't accustomed to, and that in order to get through the entire gig—"I'm sorry to have to ask you for this, but you're going to have to give me four hundred dollars



Andrew Kent

THE STOOGES NEVER
REALLY LIKED ME,
TOUGH TITTY FOR
THEM. THEY WERE
STONE-AGE JEALOUS
TO THE MAX.

for a one-quarter ounce of cocaine."

I was obviously making them flip out, right? He just couldn't believe his ears. "That's impossible. Who do you think we are? We don't give out...that's impossible!"

I'm just leaping around the room. There is no question about this. We've gotta have it. I didn't even say, "Or there's no gig," just we've gotta have it. That's right. So he did it. He gave me the money, and I signed, you know, probably an advance for something. You know what I mean. So that was funny.

I took so much coke through those four nights. I took so much. If you look at pictures of those gigs, I look like a Biafran or something: skinny isn't the word.

Those were fun gigs, though, because there was no stage. We played on the floor. Miles Davis came over. He stayed. It was good music. The third night I decided to hang from one of the pipes in the ceiling like monkeys do—hang upside down. I didn't know that the pipe was part of the sprinkler system. So I was hanging by my legs, you know. I was upside down, swinging, and slowly but surely it started to give. The entire sprinkler system in the whole place gave way, and I fell on my ass. It ripped out. It hung in the air, like some weird fallout—very strange looking—and all this plaster and dust had fallen down. Apparently cost them a lot of money.

In such a mess it is always nice to have an up-and-coming guy around, like Danny Fields. Danny was my mentor at the time and the man who



Andrew Kent

discovered me. He was just really full of love. They were furious. It would cost them a lot of money, but by the time Danny was through with them it was no sweat. They were smiling and saying, "You were great tonight, just please stay off the pipes tomorrow night, right?"

First Downer

I'd never taken a downer before but I was pretty wired after those four gigs, right? Bernie, our roadie, liked downers, right? And he offered me one: "Take one of these, it makes you sleep better." Of course, being me I couldn't just take one, so he gave me two of what they call Tuinal and one Secnal—I took 'em all.

I'm told that sometime in the middle of the next day they tried to wake me up to go back to Detroit in our van, and I couldn't be budged. So they left me. They just left me in my room at the Chelsea, and I slept for two and a half days. When I finally woke up I had this enormous bill and only a few dollars. They didn't really care. They were very—I don't know—rude. The Stooges never

really liked me, tough titty for them. They were Stone Age jealous to the max. I was the only one unaware of it, cause I'm an idiot: how sweet it is. So I had to call my mother, and she bailed me out of the bill.

Getting Over Feeling Bad

It's an interesting point, about suicide and about when somebody feels bad. So often for so long in my life, I've felt very bad, maybe even bad toward myself, because I couldn't seem to communicate or to get through to anyone. At least that's what I think was making me feel bad.

At one point, my situation went from bad to worse. I really was down for a few years—went to a mental hospital, was unemployed, laughed at and for all intents and purposes was washed out in the industry, though I was too stubborn to quit. Contracts hanging over my head, like a portable cloud, prevented me from changing management in L.A. Thank God! I would have signed anything.

But I got a lucky break through David Bowie, and we

did some traveling together and collaborated on this album called *The Idiot*. He was touring the world and working under much harsher, more demanding circumstances than I'd ever experienced, and I became free, not that I haven't been since those old days, but this was new. I was free from drugs and their demands, in the sense that I didn't feel compelled to go to sleep every time something unpleasant happened: I didn't need Valium, 'ludes or this and that. Mind you, I still have my weaknesses. I don't think one needs to make one's unpleasantness public or dwell on it, but the whole thing was that I had never up until then been able to beat drugs in my life.

One day we were in Chateau d'Herouville in France, outside Paris, taking a Ping-Pong break. Never in my life had I been able to play Ping-Pong. I never had the coordination—literally couldn't play. David said, "Come on, give me a game."

"I can't. I can't play." But I tried it, and suddenly that day I

continued on page 69

T H E Y ' R E T O U G H

T H E Y ' R E Y O U N G

T H E Y ' R E D E D I C A T E D

T H E Y ' R E T H E

MIGRANT DOPE CLEANERS OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

and for \$15 an hour they'll clip and trim your buds better than anybody in the business

BY J. DAVID COLFAX

"It'd get so you'd come to hate the stuff," says Will, a 35-year-old teacher turned sinsemilla grower. "All summer long you'd work to get those big mother-plants. You harvest it, then pow! it's dry and you have two weeks to clean it. Day after day with the scissors, making the stuff look pretty for the buyers. You miss a couple of hair leaves and they think you're trying to cheat 'em. Shit, I could do maybe three plants a day, but by the middle of my third one I'd start weirding out. Even if I got really stoned I'd start hating those plants."

Will doesn't clean his marijuana anymore. His Humboldt County spread is on the northern edge of the migrant dope cleaners circuit. A friend in Eureka told him about them a couple of years ago, and Christine, who has been at it probably longer than anybody, did his crop for him that fall.

There are probably a couple dozen migrant dope cleaners like Christine working Northern California. These aren't your ordinary migrant workers. More like itinerant knife sharpeners or old-time tinkerers than apple or bean pickers. For one thing, the wages are a lot better. Fifteen dollars an hour and all the good dope you can smoke. "Union wages and benefits," says Christine. Nobody tries to lay their junk on them either; these people are connoisseurs. They should be. Their circuit runs through the heart of the best dope-growing region in the country.

"It isn't real good at first," says Christine, an Oregon weaver who has been on the circuit for four years. She's trusted—she was busted for possession a long time ago—puts together a skilled crew, and, being a weaver, has good hands.

"The early stuff is pretty harsh," she says. "If you don't need the money, it's best to wait until the middle of September, when the main crop is in and dry. You have your pick of growers then."

This year, though, she needs the money. It's the first weekend in September, and she, her new old man, Jim (she met him on the circuit last year), and her two sisters, Val and Ceres, pile into the old, green Volkswagen van and head south on Interstate Five.

Will is ready for them. He has a one-man operation in the hills and grows an early-maturing strain he developed himself. "It ain't great," he says apologetically, "but it's early."

Three sawhorse and plywood tables take up most of the main room of his cabin. Several dozen plants hang from the rafters of his high-ceiling, open-beam bedroom, filling the place with a heady, almost oppressive aroma. Christine breaks a bud off the nearest plant and sniffs it. "Good crop," she says. "Wet, though. They're gonna be slow cleaning." Dry plants, before they become impossibly brittle, are easier to clean than moist ones. "Buds aren't as big, either," says Jim. Plants with small buds have proportionately more leaves and take longer to clean.

"C'mon, you guys," pleads Will. "It's pretty much like last year's."

Christine grasps the stalk of the nearest plant and joggles the loop around its base free from the nail driven into the rafter. "We'll see," she says.

She carries the nine-foot-tall plant into the front room and puts it on the table. Standing, she takes a pair of red-handled side cutters from her purse and expertly trims the branches from the stalk, sorting them into piles—tops, top buds and bottom buds. The tops are the biggest, most valuable and easiest to clean. It's the spindly bottom and inside buds that make the job tedious.

Christine sits down, and Will hands her a package of papers. "Put on some music," she says. She rolls a joint, lights it and inhales deeply, then passes it to Jim. "Pretty

green," she says. "Good taste, though." Will rolls a couple more joints and solicitously passes them out to the others. "Well, let's get started," says Christine.

Will brings three more plants from the bedroom, and turns up the stereo as the crew gets down to work.

Christine is easily the fastest. She takes a branch, and with a pair of yellow hobby-shop nippers—"They're easier on your hands than scissors"—removes the plate leaves and brushes them into one of the Safeway shopping bags that Will has put next to each table. She snips off the largest bud on the branch, rotates it between her fingers, trims off the wispy leaves hugging it and consigns it on the basis of size to one of three piles.

She is done in less than an hour. Three piles of buds and one of twigs are on the table. The Safeway bag overflows with shake. "You'll have to figure on about two hours a plant," Christine tells Will. "No shit, this stuff is still pretty springy." She massages the arc between her thumb and index finger. "There's a lot of resistance."

They work steadily for the next two days. Ten hours, 20 plants, a day. Christine and Jim sleep in the van. Ceres and Val crash on the floor. Will keeps them supplied with Mexican beer and ham and cheese slices from the general store a dozen miles down the valley. As they work, he moves from table to table, carefully filling large Ziploc bags with the buds, which he labels and weighs on his triple-beam scale in the bedroom. He's averaging nearly a half pound a plant.

"Not too bad for Humboldt," says Jim.

"A lot less than that when it's dry," says Christine. "He better not leave those bags sealed for too long or he's gonna have moldy dope."

They finish on the afternoon of the third day. Will pays them for 25 hours and they celebrate by wiping out a couple bottles of te-

quila and getting wasted.

Will sees them off the next morning. "Give old Brownie my regards," he says. "Tell him I could use some of those seeds of his."

"Sure," says Jim.

"He did okay," says Ceres. "Fifteen hundred bucks for us, twenty thousand for him."

"Fifteen bucks an hour isn't bad," says Christine. "Maybe you should try growing it in your backyard."

"Plus dope," says Jim, who, feet on the dashboard, is already stoned on the weed Will gave them as a bonus.

It is now early afternoon, and the September sun beats relentlessly on the yellow, fir-fringed hills, as the van bumps across a narrow, dusty road that runs along a ridge. They reach a metal gate and a long-haired shirtless man appears out of the brush.

"Looking for somebody?" he asks, unsmilingly.

"Brownie's," says Christine. "I talked to Doug. We're here to work the crop. I'm Christine."

The man disappears back into the brush, and reappears with a key. "Blow your horn twice when you come to the next gate."

Three miles later Christine blows the horn, and a pickup shows up a couple of minutes later to escort them to Brownie's place.

Brownie isn't there, of course. He seldom is. Doug, who has a degree in horticulture from the University of California at Davis

and manages a staff of ten, says he's in the Caribbean. "I'm glad you're here," he says. "We need all the help we can get. We're moving the stuff out as fast as we can bag it."

Brownie's is probably one of the biggest plantations in the state. It's a high-risk, big-bucks operation. Christine and her crew spent three weeks cleaning dope here last fall, the first year it was in operation. Two thousand plants stretching along the ridge, deer-fenced, partially camouflaged against the tree line of the firs of the national forest. Five varieties of indica, drip irrigated, sprayed with pesticides and formula fertilized. Dope agribusiness.

"It's risky, of course," Doug told Christine last year. "But all we'd lose is the crop, Brownie'd beat them in court, since he never comes around. The rest of us, we're just squatters."

Brownie's people brought up two double-wide mobile homes and set them up back in the woods where they couldn't be seen by the spotter planes of the DEA. One, its windows covered, is filled with several hundred plants that are drying with the help of a large ventilating fan powered by a diesel generator. The other is set up for cleaning dope. Christine recognizes several people as they enter. Jan and Bearhead, at the first table, are from the Bay Area, and have been on the circuit as long as she has. "Hey," says Jan. "Welcome to San Quentin." Bearhead, as usual, is wasted, and only nods.

Jan and Bearhead leave the next after-

noon. "It's not cool here," she tells Christine. Christine and Jim leave the next morning. Val and Ceres decide to stick it out a few more days; Ceres has her eye on Doug.

The road around Clearlake is narrow and slow. It's another hundred miles to the Sierras.

"I'm not into paranoia," says Christine. "Those guys really get off on it. It's only a matter of time until they get busted. I don't want to be around when they are."

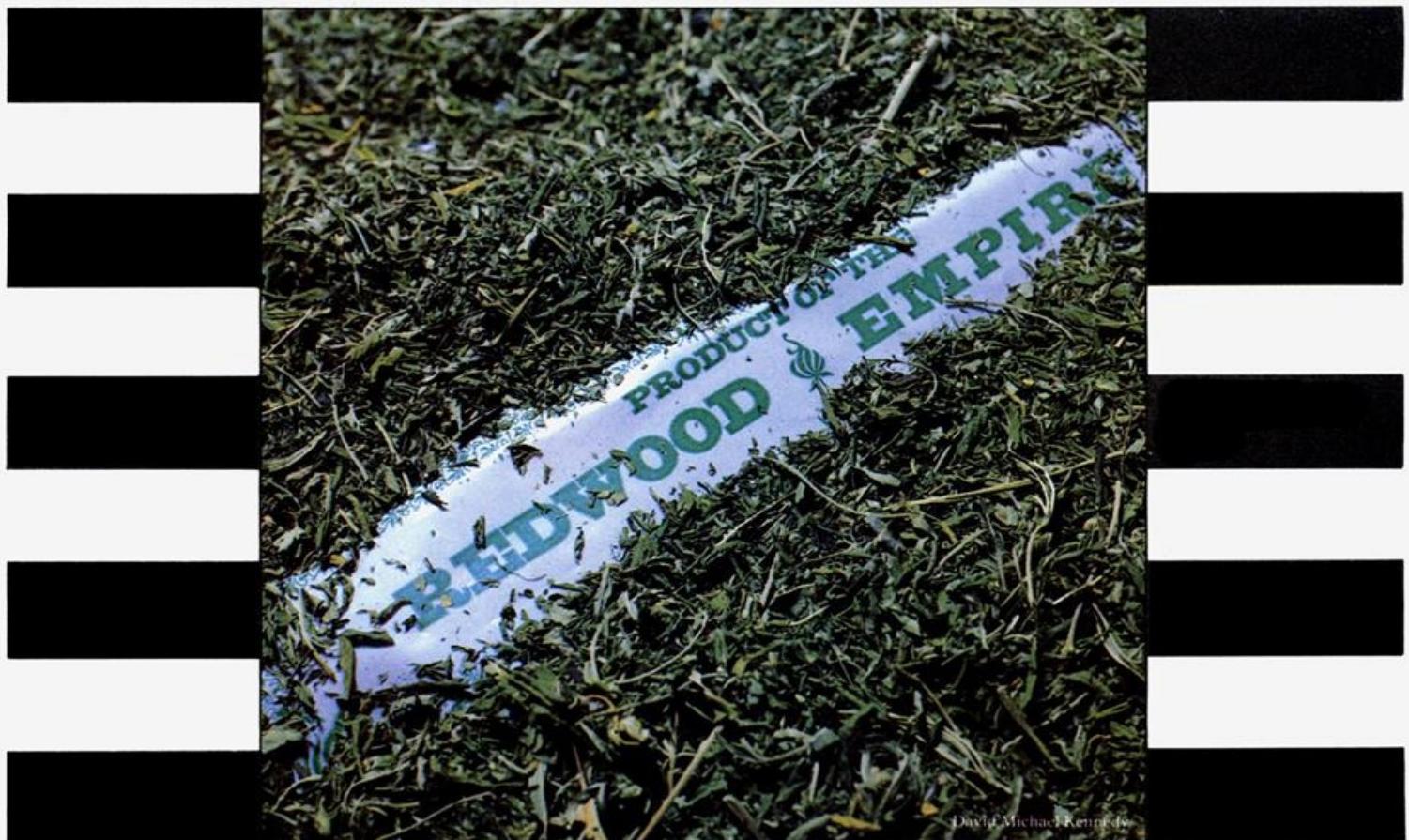
"That's the hitch," says Jim. "The guys with the best dope and the most work are the biggest assholes. Sitting there in an air-conditioned trailer, for chrissake. Fuckin' Nazis."

"They grow good weed, though," says Christine. "Just taste those pesticides."

The Sierras are no place to grow dope. But people do. The hot, dry summers are short, and the winters long and cold. Late in, early out. Sierra weed isn't Coast Range weed, but there's a market for it. Besides, there's less paranoia in the Sierras, and the big-money boys haven't moved in yet and probably never will.

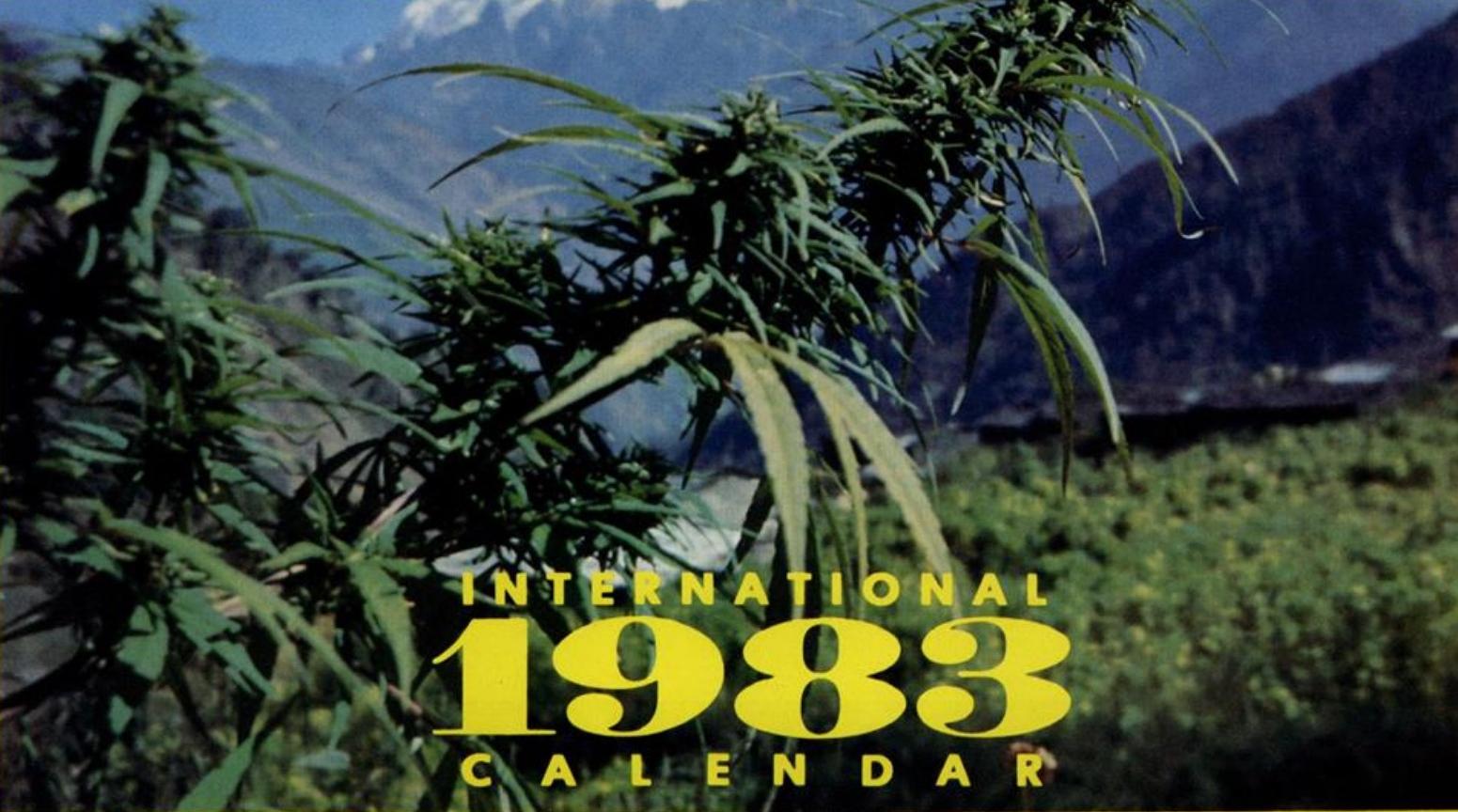
The folks on Capistrano Ridge are happy to see them. The crop is in and dry, and they can use some help. Here there is none of the sweaty anxiety of Will's, or the armed-camp atmosphere of Brownie's. Dope cleaning is a community event. Tables are set up under the big pines. A half-dozen families, bare-assed kids, men in bib overalls and women in long dresses cleaning

continued on page 89



David Michael Kennedy

HIGH TIMES



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THE
BEVERLY
HILLS
COCAINE
DIET
BY JUDY NAEZAL



21 DAYS TO A FASHIONABLY EMACIATED YOU

LETTER BY A DOCTOR

Judy Naezal's Beverly Hills Three-Week Cocaine Diet is certainly the most imaginative and well-thought-out fad diet of its kind of any fad diet I have ever personally read, to my recollection, at this point in time. Of course you should consult a physician before undertaking this or any other fad diet. We physicians have a tough enough time making ends meet as it is. In fact, you should contact me! She's barely paying me \$4000 for this letter, and I have real back-breaking upkeep payments on my Chris-Craft.

Samuel P. Doctor, LL.D.
1479 Pacific Prospect
Hollywood, California 95639
215-555-7839
Visiting hours 2-4 PM,
Mon.-Thurs.

*Look familiar?
Then you can benefit from the Beverly Hills Cocaine Diet.*



What did the great Inca Atahualpa, Sigmund Freud, Sarah Bernhardt, Enrico Caruso and Buffalo Bill Cody have in common with today's Mackenzie Phillips,

Larry Csonka, Hollywood Henderson, Louise Lasser and Linda Blair?

Well, they're all perfectly **dreamy** celebrities, and they all, in one way or another, managed to get their forever-famous names associated permanently with cocaine. In fact, for some of these celebrities, cocaine was the single most famous-making thing they ever did in their whole lives!

You also can be made famous by cocaine. Made to **feel** famous, anyway. That's the specific thing cocaine does for people, convey to them the feeling of being famous. It's called the "high," and that's what it is: a feeling that everything worthwhile that you've ever really wanted to do has been done, everything you've ever really desired has been achieved and everybody in the whole world knows about it and is applauding you for it, in a passionate standing ovation, the whole time you're high.

Which makes cocaine the best diet supplement in the whole world. It automatically **abolishes** appetite when taken with the proper reckless abandon. If taken this way long enough it abolishes appetite for everything **except** more cocaine! Food, sex, creature comforts, social status, whatever it is you think you want, too much cocaine will straightaway make you feel as though you've **got** it. A little while further on, cocaine will make you feel like you've had it so long you're sick and tired of it. **Real** sick and **real** tired of it, in fact, if you haven't got any cocaine all of a sudden.

Now, why do people get overweight in the first place? This is the question that every fad-diet author accuses every **other** fad-diet author of never answering. And then each author answers it a little differently, and all the people who **do** get fat for that partic-

ular reason go and get on that fad diet, that particular season, until the next fad diet comes out. It's a vicious cycle. And I, Judy Naezal, am going to break it for you, once and for all, with the Beverly Hills Cocaine Diet.

People get overweight because they eat food. **Food!** They take great big pieces of live stuff that's been **killed**, and mutilated horribly, and scorched with **heat** very often, or frozen into a clammy, dripping lump, and they put it in their **mouths!** They grind it with their teeth and tongues into little soggy clots, and swallow them down their throats, one clot after the other, until it's all gone. Then the horrible acids and enzyme juices that their **own stomachs** produce char into this glop, and break chemicals called "nutrients" out of it, and big gouts of fat and carbohydrates and other wastes, and it all gets into the **blood**. These chemicals and wastes are carried all through the body in the blood, and eventually they wind up in big clumps of ugly fat, collecting in icky gray bundles right under the flesh, around the hips and under the chin where everyone can see it, and can see what you've been **doing!** It's **obvious**, when you're overweight, what you've been up to. You've been eating **food!** How **tacky!** Yuch!!

On Judy Naezal's Beverly Hills Three-Week Cocaine Diet, though, you can break up this miserable food-to-fat syndrome right at the source. Just start snorting a little cocaine before breakfast every day, and then graduate into snorting it before lunch, and before supper, and then between meals, and before bed and the first thing before getting **out** of bed in the morning—and by and by, you'll feel exactly the way Judy Naezal feels about food. **YUCH!**

Judy Naezal's Beverly Hills Cocaine Diet

Week One

	MORNING	MIDDAY	EVENING
SUNDAY	2 snorts	Pizza	2 snorts
MONDAY	2 snorts	Reese's peanut-butter cup	2 snorts
TUESDAY	3 snorts	fast	5 snorts
WEDNESDAY	2 snorts	Valium. Cheeseburger	Valium. 2 snorts
THURSDAY	Big breakfast!	lunch (untouched)	8 snorts. Valium
FRIDAY	3 snorts	¼ grilled cheese sandwich	6 cocktails. 5 snorts

Week Two

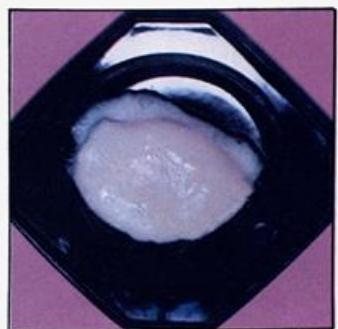
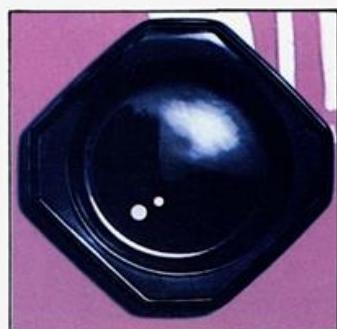
SUNDAY	3 snorts	½ slice pizza	5 snorts
MONDAY	5 snorts	fast	Quaalude. 5 snorts
TUESDAY	Quaalude	2 Quaaludes	5 snorts. Quaalude
WEDNESDAY	fast	3 cocktails	4 cocktails. 3 snorts
THURSDAY	3 snorts	2 snorts	5 snorts. 3 Quaaludes
FRIDAY	2 Quaaludes. 1 snort	Melba toast	2 Quaaludes. 4 cocktails. 8 snorts

Week Three

SUNDAY	Attempted breakfast	Valium	12 snorts.
MONDAY	(or is it still Sunday?)	Too much coke all day.	?
TUESDAY	(or is it already Thursday?)	Way too much coke all day!	Who cares?
?	NOT ENOUGH COKE TODAY!		

Who cares? • Oh-oh. Time to get yourself together. First thing tomorrow. • Today is the day you are going to get yourself together. Today is definitely the day. Yes sir. Soon as you do up the last of this cocaine. • Three-day weekend? Okay, on Tuesday, you will surely start getting yourself back together. Godsend you can only make it to Tuesday! •

Key Elements of the Beverly Hills Cocaine Diet



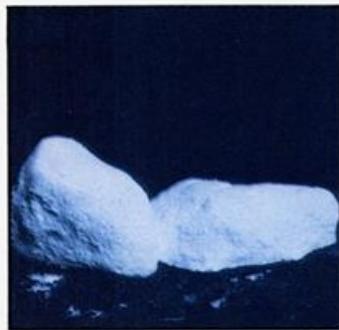




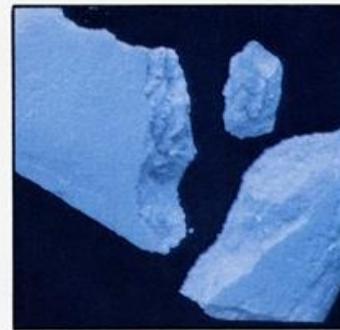
THE FOUR COMMON CONFECTIONS



CRYSTAL: When it looks like jillions and zillions of little white Diamond salt crystals floating around in strained confectioner's sugar, then it's just lovely lovely coke. A little dab under the tongue, though, should not taste like salt and sugar mixed, at all!



CHUNK: This is the very best sort of cocaine, worth any price up to and including **armed robbery!** The chunks should rattle together with little tink-tink sounds when shaken together on the top of a wire screen.



FLAKE: When you see what appear to be teensy white fish-scales among the general powder, don't get upset (unless it turns out they really are fish-scales!) That's actually a sign that the stuff is very, very good indeed.



SCAB: When it's all glocky and clotty and off-beige in places, do not despair. It could be perfectly good cocaine which has just been very poorly labbed. If your whole mouth goes numb as a dead fish for a half hour, it's bound to be good.

HOW TO BUY

When Tony Malodorio came to me to complain that he couldn't find the right sort of cocaine for Judy Naezel's Beverly Hills Cocaine Diet, it made me so upset with him that I almost could have broken his knees and elbows. I told him, "Tony! You wouldn't buy Quaaludes from the girl next door if they weren't really Quaaludes, would you? You'd go all the way to the Rexall's on El Camino Real past San Jose to get real Quaaludes, wouldn't you?" Tony, shamefaced, had to agree with me.

Subconsciously, you see, Tony had actually been thinking of breaking the diet! So I only held his hand in the toaster for a little while, to remind him where that sort of thinking always leads.

It barely takes three weeks to go all the way on the Beverly Hills Cocaine Diet, really! So during this time, just leave it all up to me. Waste no time or anxiety thinking for yourself; that doesn't work anyhow, or you wouldn't need to go on a diet in the first place, now would you? So take all your cues from Judy Naezel!

Always buy in multiples of grams! Two, five, seven grams at once, never just one gram or less. Buy in ounces, for heaven's sake, why not? But never buy just one gram or less. When you buy a new Chrysler, do you just buy the doors and seats? When you go in on a condo, do you just contract for the carpeting and fireplaces? Of course not! That would be tacky beyond be-

lief! Well, it's just exactly as tacky as that to buy cocaine in one-gram-or-less quantities.

By the time a single gram of cocaine gets to you, you don't know where it's been before! People do the most disgusting things to cocaine at that level. They "whack" it, and "step on" it, and—well, if you'd ever met any of those gram-level people, you'd know exactly what they were talking about. Makes your tan fade just to think about it.

This doesn't mean that heavier quantity cocaine isn't adulterated just a little bit. My goodness no. But it's done properly, by people who know what they're doing and do it with real care and diligence, using surgical masks and triple-beam scales and everything. They're much more au courant than those end-level gram dealers, and what they do with the stuff is the difference between elegant seduction and knock-down, drag-out rape! Now, we certainly don't want to be rape victims, do we?

This is why we buy in multiples of grams. At this level you can get to know the stuff, just a little, before you put it in your nose. When I took Tony Malodorio by the ear back to his dealer, and had her trot out all her real cocaine to him, he discovered he could have no end of fun playing with it before buying any, even.

So he got the right sort of cocaine, and also another good reason to stay on the diet. Which is what it's all about, isn't it?

YOUR MAINTENANCE REGIMEN

Now that you've achieved your goal, irreversible chronic anorexia, congratulations! You are definitely over the hump now, looking forward to a lean, sleek, brief life of ultrafashionable slimness. Of course, from time to time a puzzling and upsetting phantom sensation of "hunger" may sweep over you. Do not be discouraged! This does not mean you have to break the diet! Merely follow Judy Naezel's Beverly Hills Three-Week Cocaine Diet Recipes, and you can continue to lose weight, even as you stuff your gob with prog!

Cocaine Maintenance Recipes

NUT BALLS

Makes 4 dozen

These are a honey-sweetened version of those melt-in-the-mouth nut cookies made in many Middle Eastern countries.

1 cup butter or margarine, unsalted
1/4 cup honey
2 teaspoons vanilla
2 cups flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 cups coarsely chopped walnuts
1/4 cup cocaine finely powdered
1/4 cup confectioner's sugar

Mix confectioner's sugar and cocaine together. In a mixing bowl, cream margarine. Add honey and beat until light and fluffy. Blend in vanilla. Add flour, salt and walnuts. Mix well. Shape level teaspoons into balls. Place

on greased cookie sheets. Bake in a preheated 350-degree oven for 15 to 20 minutes. Cool on wire racks, but while still warm, roll in confectioner's sugar. Cool thoroughly, then roll a second time in confectioner's sugar and cocaine mixture.

STEAKS AU COCAIGNE

1 1/2 pounds boneless, tender steak, fat removed, such as shell steak or filet mignon
2 teaspoons paprika
Salt and freshly ground pepper to taste
2 tablespoons butter
1/4 cup red wine vinegar
1 cup cream of Rock

If shell steaks are used, leave them whole. If filets, have them cut into eight pieces. Sprinkle the steaks on both sides with paprika, salt and pepper. Heat the butter in a skillet and when it is very hot and almost brown, add the steaks in one layer. Cook about 2 minutes on one side and turn. Cook about 2 minutes on the other side until golden. Remove and keep warm. Pour off the fat from the skillet. Add the vinegar, stirring to dissolve the brown particles that cling to the bottom and sides of the skillet. Cook until the vinegar is almost evaporated and add the cream of rock. Cook, stirring, over high heat until reduced almost by half. Add any juices that have accumulated around the meat. Add salt and pepper to taste. Return the steaks to the skillet and turn in the sauce. Serve.

D r o g s i n t h e B i b l e



Mark Yankus

by Dean Latimer

I he very clean young man stepped directly in front of my bicycle at the stoplight and smiled as though he had known me since nursery school: "How are you feeling today?"

"Cold. Wet. Very, very sleepy."

"Have you thought about Jesus today?"

"I'm not your market," I told him, adding the line that never fails to send them off to their paternosters or ritual murders or whatever: "I do dope."

"Hey, that's **wonderfull!**" he exclaimed. "Jesus took drugs. Drugs are all through the New Testament. He said you shall have joy with your minds and bodies, and that's what it **means**. Jesus was a revolutionary, you know. He wanted to turn everyone's heads inside out, any way possible. Once you realize that, you start seeing everything in a different—"

"**Police!**" I bawled, looking around desperately. "This guy's trying to **sell drugs!**" As he stepped back to look around for the cops, I flicked down into first and tore off right through the red light.

That turned out to be not an isolated incident, alas. The Born Again revival of the late '70s picked up a terrible lot of dopers, it seems, who may have discontinued drug abuse in the first flush of spiritual renewal, but who then returned to their accustomed vices just as soon as they could conjure up a scriptural justification for them. There are untold thousands of them now, everywhere you go, and they can just jaw your ear off with these glad tidings of great joy, that you can do dope and be just as righteous and holy as anybody else. I get no end of it, of course, as a HIGH TIMES hack. They're always trying to convert me with their passionate sermons on the subject of dope in the Bible, and are always terribly disappointed when they find out the truth.

I happen to be **already** a tithe-paying Presbyterian, born once and for all. And though for a Presbyterian I may be extraordinarily tolerant, **these** scum I would gladly see burnt at the stake. The Holy Bible is a lovely and lively document, I know it inside and out, and what these assholes do to it—after they've gone to a concordance and looked up all the references to the word "herb," for instance—is plain, bleeding blasphemy. Probably the only way to put an end to it is to openly publish, once and for all in the same place, everything that the Bible **does** say about dope. Here it is.

WINE: SECRET SHAME OF THE PATRIARCHS

There are blessed few references to drugs in the Bible, praise be—we can run through them right quick. Beyond the frequent citations of wine, the Holy Bible doesn't say much about drugs in any context—healing, ceremonial or recreational. Wine itself is most often spoken of approvingly, especially in the New Testament, as a ceremonial adjunct, even as the Romish Papists use it to this day. But very early on, just after the Deluge, alcohol abuse is blamed for the first notable domestic squabble since Cain and Abel. This

squalid incident occupies Genesis 9:20–25:

20. And Noah began to be an husbandman, and he planted a vineyard.
21. And he drank of the wine, and was drunken; and he was uncovered within his tent.
22. And Ham, the father of Canaan, saw the nakedness of his father, and told his two brethren without.
23. And Shem and Japheth took a garment, and laid it upon both their shoulders . . . and covered the nakedness of their father; and their faces were backward, and they saw not their father's nakedness.
24. And Noah awoke from his wine, and knew what his younger son had done unto him.
25. And he said, Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren.

This would be merely squalid, except for that "servant of servants" penalty, which has stayed continuously in force from that day to this day. There are influential fundamentalists in this nation who **believe** that the sons of Ham—colored folks, that is—are natural-born slaves by this patriarchal edict, and these extremely devout Bible scholars voted in plenty of congressmen, and a president, in 1980. As for poor Canaan, his offspring populated what came to be known as Palestine for a millennium, until some of the sons of Shem claimed it according to this temper tantrum of Noah's; and now the sons and daughters of Canaan live in pestilential refugee camps everywhere **but** in Palestine. And all because young Ham here was the only boy in the family with the guts, or the purblind innocence, to report that the patriarch not only had no clothes, but was an alcohol abuser to boot.

This section of Genesis, you see, is where the entire known world is parceled out among the patriarchs, who receive more or less secure hereditary titles to sections of it. Some patriarchs, like Ham and Canaan here, got disgracefully short-shrifted, and in every single case, the divine injustice thus committed gets blamed on alcohol. Parents are to be cautioned that this next illustrative excerpt, Genesis 19:30–36, may be considered unsuitable for reading by impressionable children, being pervaded with drugs and weird sex:

30. And Lot went up from Zohar, and dwelt in the mountains, and his two daughters went with him . . . and he dwelt in a cave, he and his two daughters.
31. And the firstborn said unto the younger, Our father is old, and there is not a man in the earth to come in unto us after the manner of all the earth:
32. Come let us make our father drink wine, and we will lie with him, that we may preserve the seed of our father.
33. And they made their father drink wine that night; and the firstborn went in, and lay with her father; and he perceived not when she lay down, nor when she arose.
34. And it came to pass on the morrow, that the firstborn said unto the younger, Behold, I lay yesternight with my father: let us make him drink wine this night also; and go thou in, and lie with him, that we may preserve the seed of our father.
35. And they made their father drink wine that night also; and the younger arose, and lay with him; and he perceived not when she lay down, nor when she arose.
36. Thus were both the daughters of Lot with child by their father.

And who were the children of this monstrous, gross, incestuous booze-addled coupling? Why, merely the patriarchs Moab and Ammon, who settled down where Jordan is today. If the world blows up someday soon because of territorial squabbles over the West Bank, it will be only

because 4,000 years ago, old Lot got tanked up enough to screw, but too tanked to recall it the morning after and mix up an herbal abortifacient.

But wine is not an unalleviated historical evil in the Old Testament. When you get to the really heartbreaking parts after Jeremiah, once the once-fabulous Israelites themselves have become servants of the servants of the Babylonians, wine is in several places compassionately prescribed as an obliviant for the hopelessly desolate.

But only **wine**, mind you, no fancy stuff. The Book of Lamentations—a brief but profoundly moving little document that everyone alive really ought to read sometime before they die—describes an early form of **absinthe**, believe it or not, and counsels against its abuse by the wretched of the earth. Chapter 3: "He [God] hath filled me with bitterness, he hath made me drunken with wormwood. . . . Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall." We mixed up some absinthe here a while back, wormwood and all, a half-dozen liters, and it was terrific, but only in **strictest** moderation. The one time I did enough for a hangover, it furnished four mornings straight of simply exquisite melancholy; rather interesting for a creative artist, but you couldn't possibly get up to go out and make bricks under the overseer's lash, by the rivers of Babylon, in that frame of mind.

Interestingly, though, in the Old Testament wine is **strictly** recommended, when it's recommended as anything but a dietary supplement, as a recreational obliviant. The prophet Isaiah specifically condemns it as a ceremonial adjunct, in his typically colorful way. His condemnation of the sottish priests of the tribe of Ephraim in Chapter 28 is as lurid and graphic as any vituperation that Martin Luther later expended on the alcoholic Romish clergy:

7. But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink; they err in vision, they stumble in judgment.
8. For all the tables are full of vomit and filthiness, so that there is no place clean.

WEED: LEGAL FROM THE CREATION

As for cannabis, well, they **do** mention rope in the Bible, and any time you have rope you have dope—it comes with the plant. But since you can hunt high and low in both Testaments—as God knows I have—and nowhere find a single law against doing cannabis, you have to conclude that no one was doing it back then, not the Israelites nor their enemies. One thing you can always bank on is this: that if people take any sort of intoxicant for kicks, that intoxicant will take up **beaucoup** sheepskin in ordinance compilations like Leviticus and Deuteronomy. And that's only speaking of **intoxicants**!

"Thou shalt not boil a kid in its mother's milk": That's the sort of substance that gets controlled in Leviticus and Deuteronomy, plain milk. Those who go kosher to this day have a superstitious aversion to milk which is as violent as **any** drug taboo, as I discovered once at a Drug Abuse Conference at Grossinger's in the Catskills, when I continued on page 56



Mark Vankus

tried to smuggle a few liters of good old Presbyterian Grade A up to my room. There were at least a hundred people in that hotel carrying around methadone with them, but when word got around that a HIGH TIMES hack had tried to sneak milk into Grossinger's, it damn near made the late news, film at eleven. And why? Because 3,000 years ago, when Deuteronomy and Leviticus were legislated, the Israelites were non-milk-drinking pastoralists, and the unclean Canaanites and such, on their settled farms and in their wicked cities, loved the stuff. (If you do not pause here to meditate on the genesis of drug taboos in general, you are not being an intelligent reader. Shape up!)

So obviously no one at all in the so-called Holy Land was abusing hemp back then, not the tribes of Israel nor the tribes of goyim, or there **most** assuredly would be biblical laws against hemp. Instead, all we get is a very clear green light to employ any growing green thing under the sun, for any purpose whatsoever. Genesis 1:29:

And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth... to you it shall be for meat.

Now, by all accepted rules of biblical exegesis, that passage there is as rock-bottom fundamental and permanent as the First Amendment to the U.S. Constitution. If you hold by strict construction of the Scriptures, then every law against cannabis, this herb bearing seed, is plain, bleeding blasphemy, a hawk-chuck of hubris into the face of Almighty God. Someone should bring this to the attention of Creation Scientists like Dr. Duane Gish, and ask them why, if they're so blessed torn up that we don't teach Genesis 2:22 in public schools—Eve's cloning from Adam's rib—then why the hell aren't they just as anguished about all those blasphemous cannabis laws on the books? Someone, by God, should ask those Creationists this in **court**, just to knock them off their pins.

Their only plausible response could be that God rather quickly took it all back, on the face of it, with this Genesis 3 flimflam about the Fruit of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. Having once bit into this original mind-manifestor, whatever it was, Adam and Eve faced a grotesquely altered environment from that day forth forever:

17. . . Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life;
18. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee, and thou shalt eat the herb of the field;
19. In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.

Maybe only a Presbyterian would think this way, but all this Divine donner-und-blitzen seems to me to level a perfectly equitable, even economical penalty in exchange for the gift of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. Would you rather be a mule, as the song goes? We're simply condemned to work for a living, and to die, and to ingest the herb of the field in the meantime. Small enough price to pay, seems to me, speaking as one of the Damned; you hear different from the Elect, of course, those snotty bastards.

In fact, the enforced prohibition of herbs is consistently presented in the Bible as a truly horrible thing, and thus a fitting fate for the

adversaries of God and His Chosen. I understand certain Born Agains are all aslaver to paraquat the whole Pacific Coast from the Cascades to San Francisco Bay, herbiciding the hell out of every last herb bearing seed there. They could probably sell the project to the Sacramento legislators easily, if they only knew where to look: **videaset**, Isaiah's loin-girdling sermon to the Children of Israel in Chapter 42:

14. I have long time holden my peace; I have been still, and refrained myself; now will I cry like a travailing woman; I will destroy and devour at once.
15. I will make waste mountains and hills, and dry up all their herbs; and I will make the rivers islands, and I will dry up the pools.

By golly, that passage is **tailored** for the Born Again New Right! This long-suffering Deity, goaded beyond patience by the wicked, effete, cified and arrogant Babylonians, condones not merely herbicide, but a comprehensive desolation of the environment as thorough and efficient as any Born Again-sponsored industrial construction scam. Like James Watt says, what's to worry about the environment, here in the Final Days and all?

There is this one problem though: Despite all these glorious revelations and prophecies and loin-girdling sermons from Isaiah, the Children of

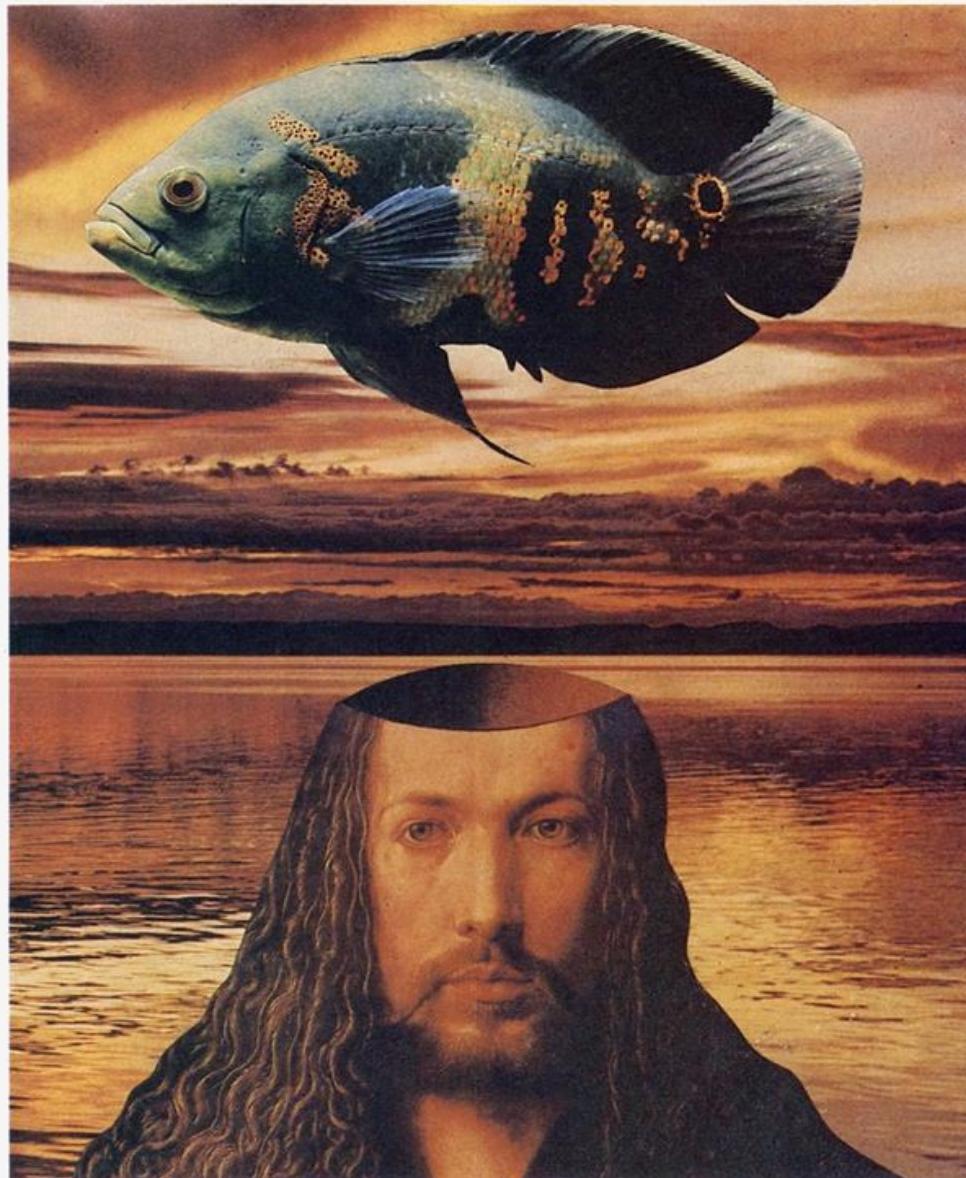
Israel just got their asses kicked **bad** in the subsequent hostilities. It could be that Isaiah fibbed about the herb part, and God got back at him for it.

MANDRAKE THE MAGNIFICENT

Besides wormwood and wine, the only intoxicating substance that is specifically mentioned in the Holy Bible, either section, is mandrake:

Mandragora officinarum, a wild solonace flower which is chock-full of the tropane belladonna alkaloids, atropine and hyoscyamine and scopolamine. If you want to try it yourself, be advised that the aboveground parts of the potato and tomato plants are just as stony as mandrake, and so is any other "deadly nightshade" plant, such as jimsonweed; and Parke Davis, Inc., merchandises Contac over the counter, which is merely belladonna with the "legal stimulant" phenylpropanolamine, or PPA, added. All these substances (except PPA) fall under the general designation of **datura**, used by shamans the world over, from the Stone Age to Carlos Castaneda's revolting Don Juan, to see things that aren't really there.

In the Holy Bible, though, it's recommended strictly as an aphrodisiac, which is passing



Mark Yankus

curious. In low, Contac-type dosages, any type of datura merely dries up all one's mucus membranes and conduces to a foggy-headed lethargy. In high doses it turns mucus surfaces to parchment, and promotes a delirious "waking coma" trance state that can go on for days and days. People go flying around the world with weird animals, usually large cats, and talk to their dead ancestors and their gods, while their bodies just lie there in one spot, flailing around and squeaking. Nobody I ever heard of who did any sort of datura at this dosage ever wanted to do it again, and I'd never do it myself except at gunpoint, even if the Born Again did dry up all our herbs. It really can't be a very pleasant high, or Parke Davis would have been in **beaucoup** trouble with the feds a long time ago. Think of the children!

The Children of Israel, from every evidence, were using mandrake at subcoma dosages to enhance sexual activity, but Jehosaphat only knows **how!** From its pharmacological properties—especially the way it dries up mucus membranes, as in the vagina—datura would seem to be the very last thing the witch doctor would order as a moxie-booster. Still, as recently as A.D. 1527, Niccolo Machiavelli was wisecracking about mandrake's legended moxie-boosting properties in his vaudeville sex farce, **La Mandragora**. The plant has a vaguely anthropomorphic root, with bifurcated "legs," and sometimes even "arms," and it has plenty of weird mind-**mojo**, so Wise Men have always accorded it supernatural powers. To this day, in fact, wherever there are Latino **botanicals**, High John the Conqueror Root is still peddled as an aphrodisiac, so obviously people do still get randy behind it; but it's damned unlikely they'd get randy behind Contac, which hasn't got an anthropomorphic root.

It probably works this way. Devoutly religious people are notorious for having problems with their moxie, and many really can only perform efficiently when they're a little out of their heads on something. For all its awkward antihistaminic and stuporous properties, a carefully measured mandrake potion probably **would** bomb out a devout patriarch, prophet or prince to the point where he could get it up and get off, without feeling terrible about it afterward—since the stuff actually promotes **amnesia**, unlike low-dose alcohol. Still, it's unlikely that women, who need their mucus membranes slick for such hanky-panky, ever did the stuff. And the main biblical references to mandrake—from Genesis and the Song of Songs—appear to bear that out.

Mind you, the patriarch Jacob in Genesis 29-30 shows little enough evidence of needing a moxie-booster of any sort, at least not early in his patriarchal career. Having wandered into Haran, the fabulous Bronze Age supercivilization twixt the Tigris and Euphrates around 2000 B.C., he takes a shine for Rachel, youngest daughter of a certain Laban, and asks for her hand. Laban, however, flimflams Jacob into marrying the older daughter Leah, a rather inferior piece. "Leah was tender-eyed," concedes the Good Book, "but Rachel was beautiful and well formed."

Amen. So Jacob indentures himself to Laban for **14 years** to win the comely Rachel, who ultimately comes to him, like Leah, complete with various comely maidservants. Amen and **ahem!**

And Jacob proceeds to pump the Ten Tribes of Israel out of all these ladies. Onto the tender-eyed Leah he begets Reuben, Simeon, Levi and Judah in brisk order. The gorgeous Rachel turns out, though, to be even as unleavened bread in this very important department. So presently she says to Jacob, "Behold my maid Bilhah, go in unto her; and she shall bear upon my knees, that I may also have children by her." This subterfuge produces Dan and Naphtali.

Poor Leah, having "left bearing" herself for the time being, indignantly presses her own serving-wench, Zilpah, into service; and on **her** Jacob gets Gad and Asher.

After eight boy-children among three women—not to mention all the patriarchal effort undoubtedly expended on the beautiful and shapely Rachel—there are suggestions that Jacob may have pretty much out-patriarched himself. Clearly time for a moxie-booster.

"And Reuben went in the days of the wheat harvest, and found mandrakes in the field and brought them to his mother Leah. Then Rachel said to Leah, Give me, I pray thee, of thy son's mandrakes.

"And she said unto her, Is it a small matter that thou hast taken my husband? And wouldst thou take away my son's mandrakes also? And Rachel said, Therefore he shall lie with thee tonight for thy son's mandrakes."

Bingo! Out of Leah pops Issachar and Zebulon, to round off the Ten Tribes at last. And she goes yet further, with the aid of the deadly nightshade, to furnish Dinah, the sweet moon-goddess deity who somehow shows up in all Bronze Age religions. The Greeks called her Danae, of golden-shower fame.

But Rachel, God bless her, ultimately scores some mandrakes of her own, and goads a twelfth and final effort out of the lucky old geezer: This one, Joseph, with his coat of many colors, cuts a rather bigger figure in scriptural narrative than all his eponymous brethren put together.

Now, I've heard no end of horseshit about these mandrakes from Born Again dopers, each of whom has some code drug for which "mandrake" was supposedly only a euphemism. But I've checked this one out with Orthodox rabbis who think in Bronze Age Hebrew, and that drug there is **mandrake**, and not some other damn-fool kind of dope. "Love-apples" is the raciest of its euphemisms, and "love-apples" are what they call mandrake flowers to this day.

Love-apples: "The mandrakes give a smell, and at our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits, new and old, which I have saved up for thee, O my beloved": the Song of Songs, Which is Solomon's, the **Shira Shirim**.

This also says "mandrake," and not some damn-fool other drug. And this, the Song of Songs, is a **supremely** erotic context. In fact, it's a vintage Babylonian wedding ceremony, circa 550 B.C., picked up there during the memorable Captivity and brought back to the Promised Land after Cyrus let their people go, a couple generations later. It's a full-fledged charivari, meant to be sung by the friends and in-laws of the betrothed while the happy couple Do the Deed, either right there in the chapel or somewhere within earshot. This one somehow wound up in the Holy Bible, with the Babylonian place-names

deftly switched to scenic spots between Dan and Beersheba.

For Babylonish wedding ditties, it's actually comparatively tame. The stuff archaeologists find on potsherds from Nineveh measure up well with all the vilest, spiciest libels the prophet Ezekiel lays against that ultradecadent cosmopolis: "My beloved is a jackass-buck, I am his jenny," they tend to croon. "Let the buck's penis be enlarged greatly, let it swell to the ruby tip, let the buck mount the jenny," and so on and so forth. And they do lots weirder stuff than mere solonaceae to whet their appetites, too.

Considering what it does to the mucus membranes, of course, we can assume that the dusky Queen of Sheba wasn't on mandrake when she put out for King Solomon here. In fact, the Song of Songs has distinct baritone, soprano and full choral sections, and the soprano is mainly involved with **administering** aphrodisiac potions, not taking them. "I would lead thee, and bring thee into my mother's house, who would instruct me; I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine and of the juice of my pomegranate." ("Pomegranate" was slang for "pussy," or so Robert Graves insists.) These soprano sections read like an erotic perfumery, everything smelly for the good of the lust: myrrh, camphire, frankincense, calamus, spikenard, a tasteful assortment of adult marital aids.

As for the baritone section of the **Shira Shirim**, this guy is definitely on something **swell!** "Behold thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast dove's eyes within thy locks; thy hair is like a flock of goats, that appear from Mount Gilead. Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep that is even shorn...." Being that this passage always read like hysterical gibberish to me until I first got laid under the influence of hashish, I am absolutely convinced now that this is out-and-out hash imagery. King Solomon nowhere **says** so out loud, but dig on this part: "How pleasant and fair art thou, O love, for delights! This thy stature is like to a palm tree, and thy breasts to clusters of grapes. I said, I will go up to the palm tree, I will take hold of the boughs thereof: now also thy breasts shall be as clusters of the vine, and the smell of thy nose like apples; and the roof of thy mouth like the best wine for my beloved, causing the lips of those that are asleep to speak."

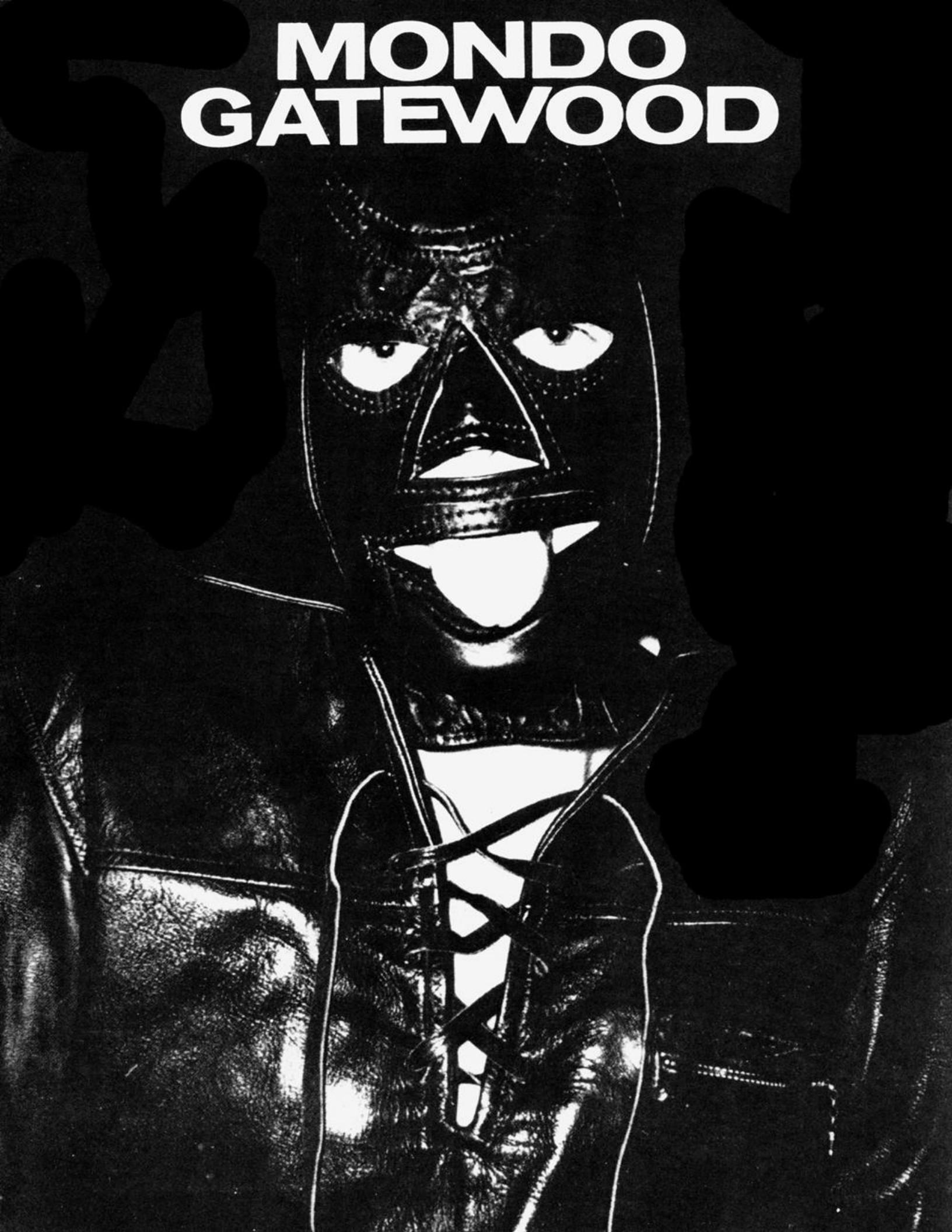
This is either drug-induced synesthesia, or somebody who was simply goddamn head-over-tea-kettle in plain old **love** sneaked a few verses past the filthy old farts in Alexandria who compiled the Old Testament—a couple hundred years after the poet was dead. Therefore, I personally suspect that some sort of ritual cannabis preparation was involved here, though there isn't a syllable of solid substantiation for it. You sure don't get that sort of imagery out of mandrake, is all.

MUSHROOMS: WHAT DAMNED MUSHROOMS?

Forget about the mushrooms. When you hear Born Again dopers prattling about magic mushrooms in the Scriptures, you can bet they picked it up either from a 1976 book called **The Magic Mushroom and the Cross**, or from some other twit

continued on page 63

MONDO GATEWOOD

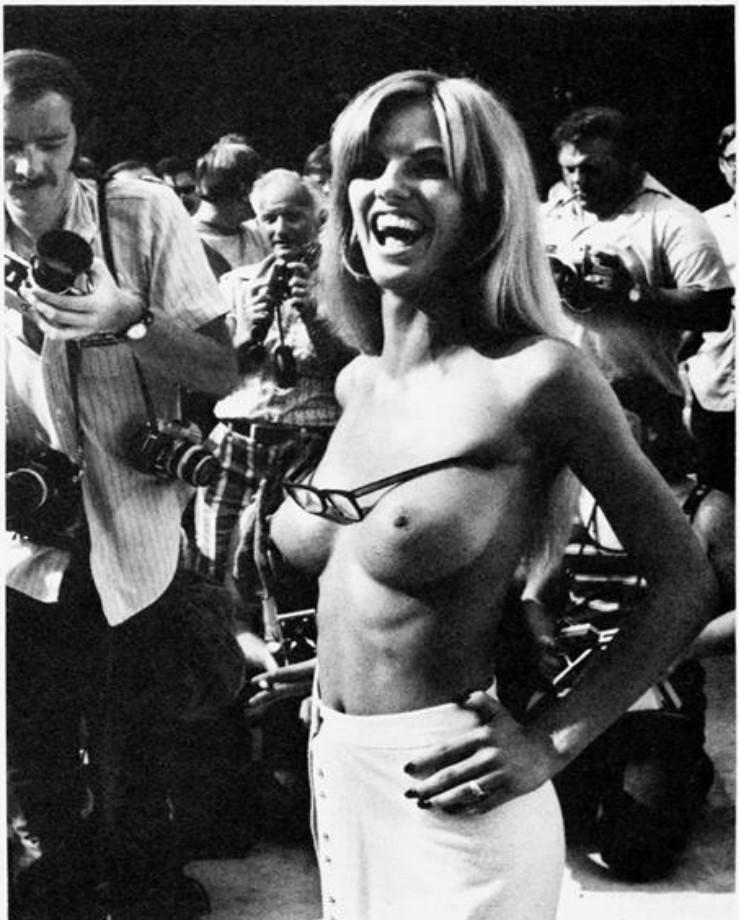


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DRUGS IN BIBLE

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who read that book and swallowed it. This one is a double ripoff, of the Holy Bible and of R. Gordon Wasson's exuberant **Soma: Divine Mushroom of Immortality**. Wasson, who died in 1980, spent his whole adult life tracing down magic-mushroom references in the Rig-Veda, in heroic sagas from Lapland, in Siberian medicine-man chants, pre-Colombian Aztec and Mayan codices and the Santa Claus myths, to mention only these few sources. Though this may sound like scattershot mycological obsession, everything in Wasson checks out, six ways to Sunday. About the **only** ancient myth-compendium from which he never extracted any magic-mushroom lore was the Holy Bible, for the simple reason that there's no magic-mushroom lore in it anywhere.

The authors of this 1976 ripoff endeavor nevertheless to identify **Amanita muscaria** in every edible substance mentioned in the Scriptures. This they most commonly do by divining in each stray Hebrew, Aramaic and Greek food-term a Sumerian root meaning "mushroom," and thus they discover white-dappled scarlet **amanitas** sprouting out of every camel-dollop from Dan to Beersheba. This is a truly awesome feat of scholarship, since no one **else** has so far been able to securely translate a single syllable of Sumerian. The Sumerians were in Mesopotamia an awful long time before the Canaanites, even, not to mention latecomers like the Children of Abraham. Their language, however it worked, had no resemblance at all to any Semitic or Indo-European tongue, and the Sumerians were all dead ages before Abraham's Ur of the Chaldees was formally incorporated. Therefore, whatever they may have called their trippy 'shrooms, if indeed they tripped with 'shrooms at all, it's exceedingly unlikely the terms survived the Flood and the subsequent toppling of the Tower of Babel.

Forget about the mushrooms, okay? It just makes us **all** sound dumb when dopers prattle about magic mushrooms in the Scriptures.

OPIUM AND JESUS

"But what about opium?"

Opium is nowhere mentioned in the Holy Bible.

"It is so. They gave it to Jesus on the cross. It's right there in every one of the Gospels. They gave him vinegar and gall on the cross, and that's opium. It was so he'd pass out and pretend to be dead, so they could get him to the tomb and revive him before the third day."

The Gospels mention vinegar, sure. They never mention opium. Or gall, either.

"Idiot. Haven't you ever **tasted** opium? Vinegar and gall, dammit!"

Opium does, for those who haven't had the privilege, taste decidedly bitter and astringent. But it's not sharp like vinegar, nor nearly a tithe as stomach-churning as acid-indigestion gall. Opium tastes oddly like powdered Valium, only smoother: a slippery, pervasive blur of bitterness that fades quickly, and is not really at all unpleasant, once you develop the taste into a mental cue for the sublimity that follows shortly afterward. I much prefer it that way over

smoking, myself, since I like the sustained mental high better than the instant-gratification rush. A lump half the size of a chick-pea under the tongue, dissolving gently: no **way** that's "vinegar and gall."

But ever since **The Passover Plot**, the disgusting notion that Jesus Christ trashed himself out with opium, at the ultimate moment of his Passion, has become a broadly accepted pop superstition. It was decisively exploded only **seconds** after the book came out in 1965—and this was at the peak of "fashionable irreligiosity," the heyday of the intellectual God-Is-Dead fad—but now it's back on us in force, especially in dope circles.

It's inconceivable, really. How can these Born Againists possibly accept Christ as their personal Savior, if they believe he weaseled through his final Passion with the aid of a little dope? If the guy didn't croak and come back from the dead,

Sanhedrin of Jerusalem to the Roman occupation army for execution, and was duly crucified. They **crucified** him. They stretched him out on his back on a cross, nailed his wrists and feet to it and hoisted it up vertical, with nothing to brace his butt on but a little round peg.

The genius of crucifixion, as a mode of capital punishment, was that your body **would** not let you die, for quite a long time. You were suspended in such a position that, if you relaxed just a little, your trachea would fold over like a bent garden hose, inducing asphyxiation. For the first few hours on public display, if you were a stout and lusty felon, undoubtedly you'd haul yourself up by the wrist nails to keep from choking. But this would inevitably become onerous in the long run, even depressing, whereat you might reasonably opt for self-extinction, and let yourself choke to death.

But surprise! We are **forbidden** to let ourselves



then he's just Jesus of Nazareth, no better or worse than you or me. You simply cannot have this one both ways, or so at least we learned in Presbyterian Youth Fellowship Summer Camp. But the times, maybe they have a-changed since Bob Dylan took up the Cross. After that, any lunatic blasphemy may now be permitted for all I know.

Consider the Gospels, then. They're really **all** we have, and the most strictly **journalistic** of them—Luke—doesn't mention this gall-and-vinegar business at all. None of them, for that matter, mentions gall. The case is already pretty thin.

Jesus of Nazareth, they all agree, on the day before Passover, was handed over by the Jewish

choke to death, thanks to the gag reflex. At this point your medulla oblongata would kick in automatically, without fail, and every time your trachea folded over you'd go into convulsions, gasping in the blessed breath of life, whether you wanted it or not. Depending on the carbohydrate reserves in your fatty tissues, this could go on for **days**.

(If we must have capital punishment, I would be pleased to see crucifixion reinstated. Strap the bastards to all the latest high-tech diagnostic gimmicks, and you'd have a terrific opportunity to minutely measure the activity of beta-endorphin, Substance P, ACTH and other unique emergency hormones produced within the human organism

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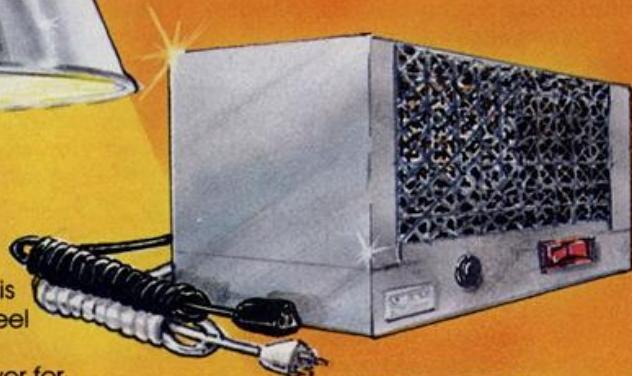
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WHAT EVERY PARENT SHOULD KNOW ABOUT MARIJUANA BY THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY DEAN LATIMER • HIGH TIMES SORDID AFFAIRS EDITOR

Joe Califano is responsible for all this. One of Califano's final assignments, before he resigned as then-president Carter's secretary of Health, Education and Welfare in 1978, was to the National Institute on Drug Abuse. Assemble everything that's known about marijuana toxicity, he said, review it, and come up with a tract that will persuade kids never to go *near* that awful stuff.

The folks at NIDA, seeing beforehand what a pit-o'-snakes *that* would turn into, shifted the buck to the National Academy of Sciences. The NAS duly set up a panel of 22 respected physicians and educators who'd never voiced a political opinion on the subject, and these people went over the entire cannabis research literature since 1965. This took them until 1981, when Ronald Reagan had become president, and HEW had become Health and Human Services, and nobody in the government *anywhere* wanted anything to do with their report.

By this time, the Big Lie, repeated loud and often, had become fearsome dogma: Marijuana does so damage brains, and snap chromosomes, and deform babies, and grow breasts on men and shrink their testicles too, and it causes amotivational syndrome, and it leads to the hard stuff and is as impossible to kick as heroin and just as addictive. By 1981, if you didn't come right out and positively say marijuana does all these fabulous things, then you were running dead athwart a highly dangerous New Right coalition of goose-stepping "Parents Power" fanatics with enthusiastic support straight out of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. And those *are* the folks who pay the tab for studies like this, now and in the future.

So this official *Marijuana and Health* report did not come out in 1981, its original due date. It had been *written* by deadline, but the original MS so horrified the politicos at the NAS that they sat on it for six extra months, imposing "balance" onto it. The final report, which is as close to perfect *entropy* as verbally possible, was released late on a warm March Friday afternoon this year, so that it only made the Saturday editions, which nobody reads, and was written up for them by the sort of third-string copy hacks who *have* to work late on warm Friday afternoons in spring. None of these hacks, of course, read anything but the "Conclusions" section here, which—in its iso-

lated context—manages to make grass sound vaguely but emphatically scary: MARIJUANA "CAUSE FOR NATIONAL CONCERN," SAY SCIENCE BIGS.

All this time, *another* NAS report, on marijuana-control policy, was being held up even longer by the petrified politicos there. This one had been put together by some real heavies: Louis Lasagna, hard-line drug-policy adviser to every administration since Eisenhower, was the chairman, and Jerome Jaffee, who writes the basic reference text on addiction for "Goodman & Gilman," was typical of the rank of the authors. And this one didn't merely recommend decriminalization as a nationwide model for grass control, but suggested that a policy of *licensed sales to adults* might help to minimize the special health hazards that marijuana undeniably poses for growing young people.

The panicked reviewers at the NAS sat on this, then, until the accompanying list of the established, *proven* health hazards of marijuana could be appended to it, taken out of *Marijuana and Health*. And this Lasagna Report, *An Analysis of Marijuana Policy*, came out with a special preface from NAS president Frank Press, an oil-development geologist, who said in it that *he* disagreed with all these pharmacologists and psychiatrists and law-department chairmen. And it was not presented to the media at all, but just sat unnoticed at the NAS for over a month until "grumblings from the scientists" brought it to the attention of the *New York Times*.

At HIGH TIMES, since some of our readers are said to smoke marijuana, we feel obliged to publish this summary of what the U.S. government has established to be the worst toxic effects of the said substance. This is the whole thing, word for word, nothing altered or censored, even unto the routine pitch for more money to study further the effects of this *incredibly* well-studied drug.

We have made bold, here and there, in the particularly murky sections, to hang a few elucidatory footnotes. Though supposedly written for layfolks by academic experts, this tract does get confoundingly dense and spacy in places. We've tried to clarify it without fear or favor, and—by golly—we did, too.

continued on next page

Appendix: Summary of Marijuana and Health

The Institute of Medicine (IOM) of the National Academy of Sciences has conducted a 15-month study of the health-related effects of marijuana, at the request of the Secretary of Health and Human Services and the Director of the National Institutes of Health. The IOM appointed a 22-member committee to:

- analyze existing scientific evidence bearing on the possible hazards to the health and safety of users of marijuana;
- analyze data concerning the possible therapeutic value and health benefits of marijuana;
- assess federal research programs in marijuana;
- identify promising new research directions, and make suggestions to improve the quality and usefulness of future research; and
- draw conclusions from this review that would accurately assess the limits of present knowledge and thereby provide a factual, scientific basis for the development of future government policy.

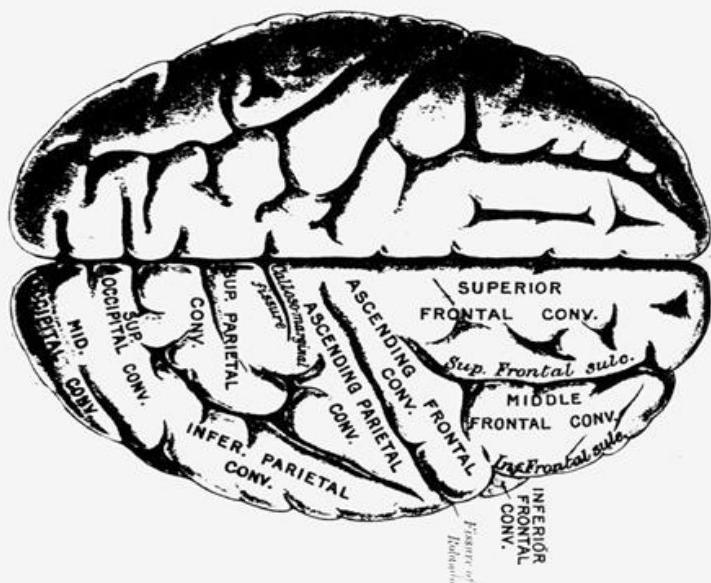
This assessment of knowledge of the health-related effects of marijuana is important and timely because marijuana is now the most widely used of all the illicit drugs available in the United States. In 1979, more than 50 million persons had tried it at least once. There has been a steep rise in its use during the past decade, particularly among adolescents and young adults, although there has been a leveling-off in its overall use among high-school seniors in the past two or three years, and a small decline in the percentage of seniors who use it frequently. Although substantially more high-school students have used alcohol than have ever used marijuana, more high-school seniors use marijuana on a daily or near-daily basis (9 percent) than alcohol (6 percent). Much of the heavy use of marijuana, unlike alcohol, takes place in school, where effects on behavior, cognition and psychomotor performance can be particularly disturbing. Unlike alcohol, which is rapidly metabolized and eliminated from the body, the psychoactive components of marijuana persist in the body for a long time.¹ Similar to alcohol, continued use of marijuana may cause tolerance and dependence.² For all these reasons, it is imperative that we have reliable and detailed information about the effects of marijuana use on health, both in the long and short term.

What, then, did we learn from our review of the published scientific literature? Numerous acute effects have been described in animals, in isolated cells and tissues and in studies of human volunteers; clinical and epidemiological observations also have been reported. This information is briefly summarized in the following paragraphs.

Effects on the Nervous System and on Behavior

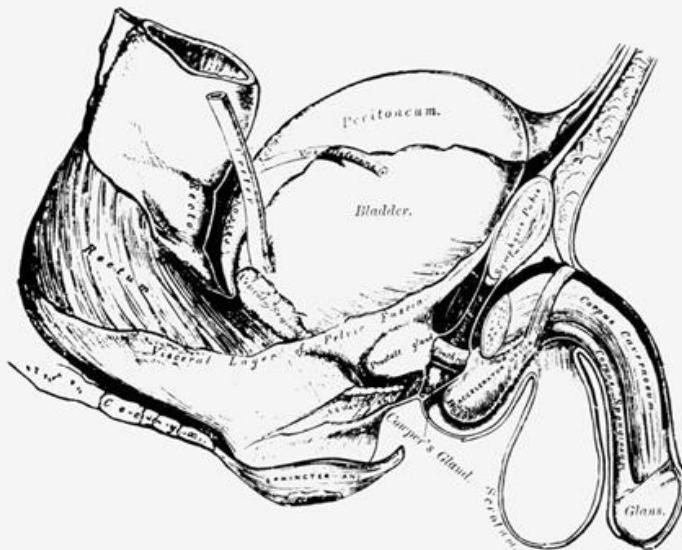
We can say with confidence that marijuana produces acute effects³ on the brain, including chemical and electrophysiological changes. Its most clearly established acute effects are on mental functions and behavior. With a severity directly related to dose, marijuana impairs motor coordination and affects tracking ability and sensory and perceptual functions important for safe driving and the operation of other machines; it also impairs short-term memory and slows learning. Other acute effects include feelings of euphoria and other mood changes, but there also are disturbing mental phenomena, such as brief periods of anxiety, confusion or psychosis.

There is not yet any conclusive evidence as to whether prolonged



use of marijuana causes permanent changes in the nervous system or sustained impairment of brain function and behavior in human beings. In a few unconfirmed studies in experimental animals, impairment of learning and changes in electrical brain-wave recordings have been observed several months after the cessation of chronic administration of marijuana. In the judgment of the committee, widely cited studies purporting to demonstrate that marijuana affects the gross and microscopic structure of the human or monkey brain are not convincing; much more work is needed to settle this important point.

Chronic relatively heavy use of marijuana is associated with behavioral dysfunction and mental disorders in human beings, but available evidence does not establish if marijuana use under these circumstances is a cause or a result of the mental condition. There are similar problems in interpreting the evidence linking the use of



¹The metabolic end products of marijuana may have a half-life in the body of about 14 days after a single dose. During this time they exert no "psychoactive" effects, or any known biological effects, either. Refer Dr. Monroe Wall and Dr. Mario Perez-Reyes, Research Triangle Park, North Carolina.

²Tolerance development and dependence seen with marijuana are not really "similar to" that seen with alcohol. Compared to alcohol, these phenomena with marijuana are virtually nonexistent, and cannot even be measured by the same scale of symptoms. Refer Dr. Reese Jones and Dr. Neal Benowitz, Langley Porter Psychiatric Institute, San Francisco.

³"Acute" in this context does not mean "heavy" or "dramatic." In fact, it means "transient." Refer to any dictionary.

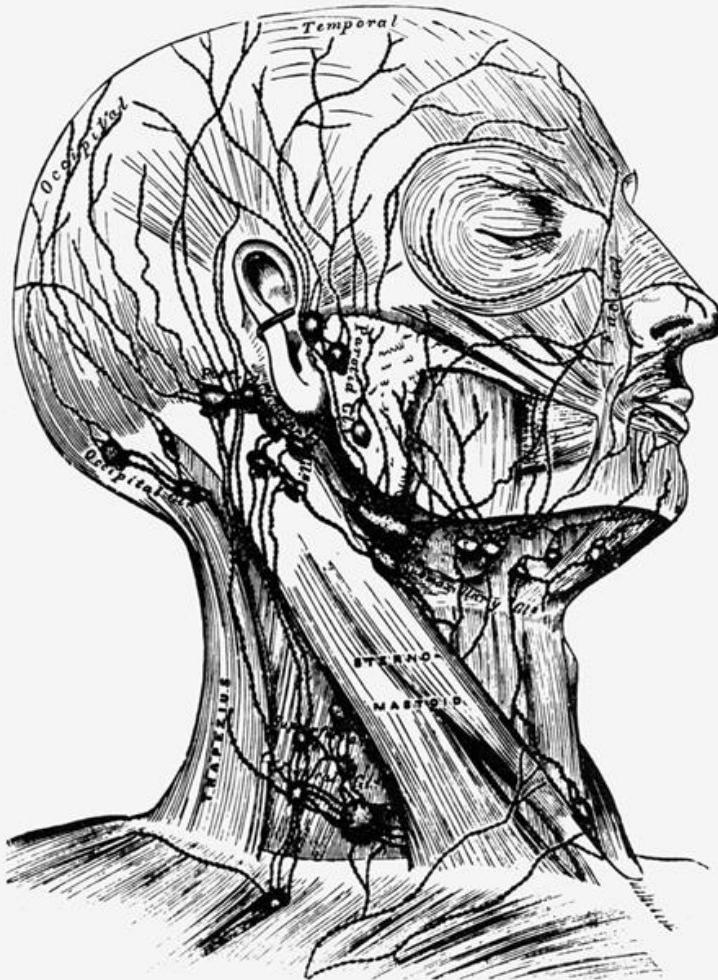
⁴The most commonly observed effect of marijuana on blood pressure in humans is a transient lowering of blood pressure. Though this is no health hazard for healthy people, in persons with low blood pressure to begin with, a charge of high-THC grass can conduce to marked vertigo if the smoker rises rapidly from a supine position. In some people, particularly small persons, faintness amounting to a momentary blackout can occur. Though this is all well-established in the cannabis research literature, for some unaccountable reason it goes unmentioned as a plausible health hazard of marijuana in either of these NAS reviews. But since a person can fall down and sustain a nasty bump on the head in such a situation, we're volunteering it here. Seen it happen scores of times.

marijuana to subsequent use of other illicit drugs, such as heroin or cocaine. Association does not prove a causal relation, and the use of marijuana may merely be symptomatic of an underlying disposition to use psychoactive drugs rather than a "stepping stone" to involvement with more dangerous substances. It is also difficult to sort out the relationship between use of marijuana and the complex symptoms known as the amotivational syndrome. Self-selection and effects of the drug are probably both contributing to the motivational problems seen in some chronic users of marijuana.

Thus, the long-term effects of marijuana on the human brain and on human behavior remain to be defined. Although we have no convincing evidence thus far of any effects persisting in human beings after cessation of drug use, there may well be subtle but important physical and psychological consequences that have not been recognized.

Effects on the Cardiovascular and Respiratory Systems

There is good evidence that the smoking of marijuana usually causes acute changes in the heart and circulation that are characteristic of stress, but there is no evidence to indicate that a permanently deleterious effect on the normal cardiovascular system occurs.



*This does not mean persons with epilepsy should try self-medicating with street grass. There is almost no cannabidiol in street marijuana; in some commercial tropical strains of grass, cannabidiol only occurs in molecular trace quantities. This is because cannabidiol directly antagonizes and abolishes all the effects of delta-9 THC, and vice versa. Drug strains of grass are therefore bred specifically to minimize CBD content, and maximize THC content. Since THC in some people actually appears to promote seizures, the use of street grass is not to be recommended to epileptics.

*This is shameless special pleading for the pharmaceuticals industry. If the word "probably" in this sentence were changed to "possibly," it would've been a great deal more accurate and infinitely more honest.

There is good evidence to show that marijuana increases the work of the heart, usually by raising heart rate and, in some persons, by raising blood pressure.⁴ This rise in work load poses a threat to patients with hypertension, cerebrovascular disease and coronary atherosclerosis.

Acute exposure to marijuana smoke generally elicits bronchodilation; chronic heavy smoking of marijuana causes inflammation and pre-neoplastic changes in the airways, similar to those produced by smoking of tobacco. Marijuana smoke is a complex mixture that not only has many chemical components (including carbon monoxide and "tar") and biological effects similar to those of tobacco smoke, but also some unique ingredients. This suggests the strong possibility that prolonged heavy smoking of marijuana, like tobacco, will lead to cancer of the respiratory tract and to serious impairment of lung function. Although there is evidence of impaired lung function in chronic smokers, no direct confirmation of the likelihood of cancer has yet been provided, possibly because marijuana has been widely smoked in this country for only about 20 years, and data have not been collected systematically in other countries with a much longer history of heavy marijuana use.

Effects on the Reproductive System and on Chromosomes

Although studies in animals have shown that delta-9 THC (the major psychoactive constituent of marijuana) lowers the concentration in blood serum of pituitary hormones (gonadotropins) that control reproductive functions, it is not known if there is a direct effect on reproductive tissues. Delta-9 THC appears to have a modest reversible suppressive effect on sperm production in men, but there is no proof that it has a deleterious effect on male fertility. Effects on human female hormonal function have been reported, but the evidence is not convincing. However, there is convincing evidence that marijuana interferes with ovulation in female monkeys. No satisfactory studies of the relation between use of marijuana and female fertility and childbearing have been carried out. Although delta-9 THC is known to cross the placenta readily and to cause birth defects when administered in large doses to experimental animals, no adequate clinical studies have been carried out to determine if marijuana use can harm the human fetus. There is no conclusive evidence of teratogenicity in human offspring, but a slowly developing or low-level effect might be undetected by the studies done so far. The effects of marijuana on reproductive function and on the fetus are unclear; they may prove to be negligible, but further research to establish or rule out such effects would be of great importance.

Extracts from marijuana smoke particulates ("tar") have been found to produce dose-related mutations in bacteria; however, delta-9 THC, by itself, is not mutagenic. Marijuana and delta-9 THC do not appear to break chromosomes, but marijuana may affect chromosome segregation during cell division, resulting in an abnormal number of chromosomes in daughter cells. Although these results are of concern, their clinical significance is unknown.

The Immune System

Similar limitations exist in our understanding of the effects of marijuana on other body systems. For example, some studies of the immune system demonstrate a mild, immunosuppressant effect on human beings, but other studies show no effect.

continued on next page

*Several "cohort" studies, in which both marijuana smokers and carefully selected nonsmoking peers are observed over long periods of time, have been published in recent years. None has shown any slightest adverse effects from grass smoking, which is quite surprising, because that's what they were structured for specifically. Some responsible party, such as a Ph.D. candidate looking for a *historic* dissertation, really ought to review them someday. Refer Vera Rubin and Lambros Comitas, *Ganja in Jamaica*, 1974; William Martin, ed., *Cannabis in Costa Rica*, 1982; Sheppard Kellam et al., "Paths Leading to Teenage Psychiatric Symptoms and Substance Use," University of Chicago, 1982.

*This is shameless pleading for the academic research community, which has been mortally savaged by Reagan budget cuts in "social" areas. One thing the NAS reviewers definitely discovered is that a lot of terrific social research, that might never otherwise get funded, can be done under the guise of "marijuana" research.

Therapeutic Potential

The committee also has examined the evidence on the therapeutic effects of marijuana in a variety of medical disorders. Preliminary studies suggest that marijuana and its derivatives or analogues might be useful in the treatment of the raised intraocular pressure of glaucoma, in the control of the severe nausea and vomiting caused by cancer chemotherapy and in the treatment of asthma. There also is some preliminary evidence that a marijuana constituent (cannabidiol) might be helpful in the treatment of certain types of epileptic seizures, as well as for spastic disorders and other nervous system diseases.⁵ But, in these and all other conditions, much more work is needed. Because marijuana and delta-9 THC often produce troublesome psychotropic or cardiovascular side effects that limit their therapeutic usefulness, particularly in older patients, the greatest therapeutic potential probably lies in the use of synthetic analogues of marijuana derivatives with higher ratios of therapeutic to undesirable effects.⁶

The Need for More Research on Marijuana

The explanation for all of these unanswered questions is insufficient research. We need to know much more about the metabolism of the various marijuana chemical compounds and their biologic effects. This will require many more studies in animals, with particular emphasis on subhuman primates. Basic pharmacologic information obtained in animal experiments will ultimately have to be tested in clinical studies on human beings.

Until 10 or 15 years ago, there was virtually no systematic, rigorously controlled research on the human health-related effects of marijuana and its major constituents. Even now, when standardized marijuana and pure synthetic cannabinoids are available for experimental studies, and good qualitative methods exist for the measurement of delta-9 THC and its metabolites in body fluids, well-designed studies on human beings are relatively few. There are difficulties in studying the clinical effects of marijuana in human beings, particularly the effects of long-term use. And yet, without such studies the debate about the safety or hazard of marijuana will remain unresolved. Prospective cohort studies, as well as retrospective case-control studies, would be useful in identifying long-term behavioral and biological consequences of marijuana use.⁷

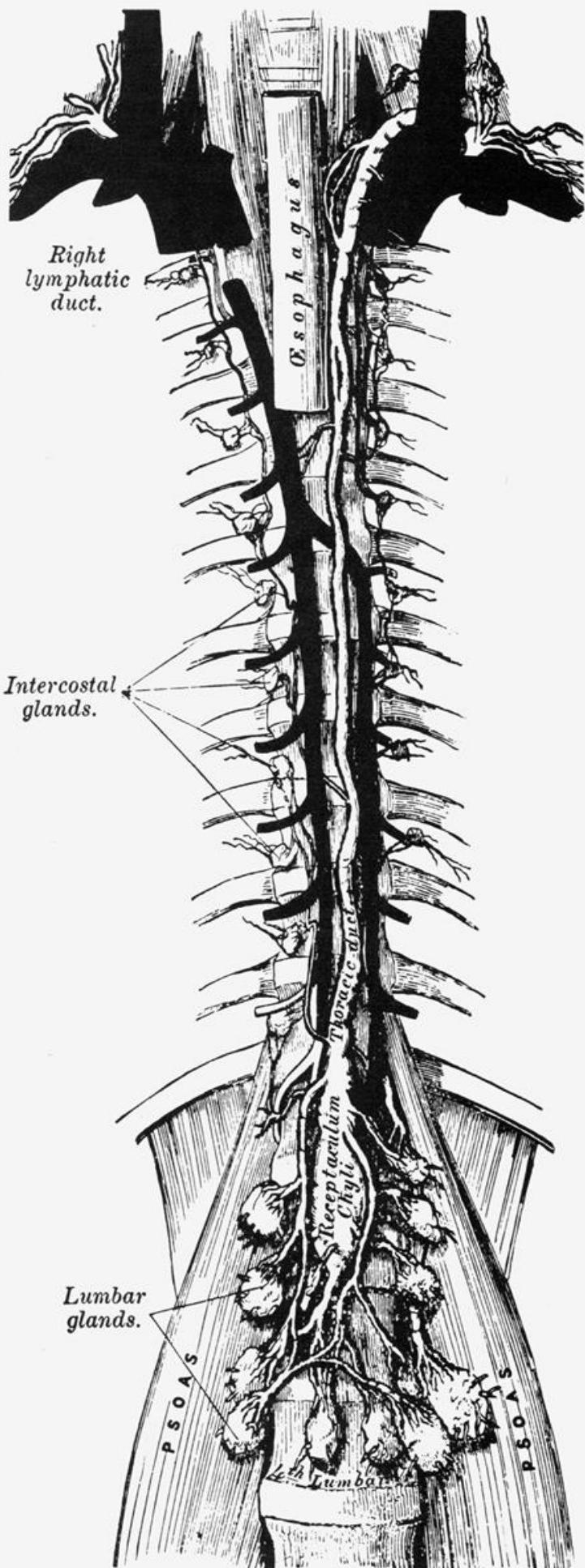
The federal investment in research on the health-related effects of marijuana has been small, both in relation to the expenditure on other illicit drugs and in absolute terms. The committee considers the research particularly inadequate when viewed in light of the extent of marijuana use in this country, especially by young people. We believe there should be a greater investment in research on marijuana, and that investigator-initiated research grants should be the primary vehicle of support.⁸

The committee considers all of the areas of research on marijuana that are supported by the National Institute on Drug Abuse to be important, but we did not judge the appropriateness of the allocation of resources among those areas, other than to conclude that there should be increased emphasis on studies in human beings and other primates. Recommendations for future research are presented at the end of Chapters 1-7 of this report.

Conclusions

The scientific evidence published to date indicates that marijuana has a broad range of psychological and biological effects, some of which, at least under certain conditions, are harmful to human health. Unfortunately, the available information does not tell us how serious this risk may be.

The major conclusion is that what little we know for certain about the effects of marijuana on human health—and all that we have reason to suspect—justifies serious national concern. Of no less concern is the extent of our ignorance about many of the most basic and important questions about the drug. Our major recommendation is that there be a greatly intensified and more comprehensive program of research into the effects of marijuana on the health of the American people.



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IGGY

could play, and I'm playing and we were about tied and I said, "You know, man, this is weird, really weird, I always failed at this game and now I can play it."

He said, "Well, Jim, it's probably because you're feeling better about yourself." In the most gentlest way he said that, because usually, you know, nobody wants to be anybody's teacher or learner—you know what I mean? In the very gentlest way he said that. I just thought that was a nice answer. Three games later I beat him, and he never played me again. I got good *real* fast.

Close Encounters

I've been spit at, I've been slugged, I've been egged. I've been hit with paper clips, money, cameras, brassieres, underwear, old rags and with expensive garments and belts and things. I've been hit with, well, a slingshot. Yeah, you just get used to it after awhile.

I was just in Detroit about six weeks ago, and this guy threw a Johnnie Walker Black whiskey bottle. I know it was a Johnnie Walker Black because the band picked it up later. Threw a whiskey bottle at me. He'd gotten it in past the people, past the friskers. It just missed my head. It brushed my hair, actually. I saw the gleam as it arched near me. I saw it about the last six feet. I didn't have time to move, really. I just heard it whoosh by and crash. The glass was so heavy it didn't break. It's really heavy glass. Johnnie Walker Black is a good bottle. And I told an asshole TV commentator afterwards how good it felt when the bottle was going past my head, which he took all out of context, saying a terrible thing about how "this is the way my fans traditionally greet me and that I like it and encourage it."

I got hit with a grapefruit once, right in the center of my head: in Cobo Hall in Detroit.

One time we were playing in a place called the Rock and Roll Farm in Wayne, Michigan. I mean, this place was a pit. I used to play a lot of pit holes. Nobody in the Stooges cared, we just played, you know. Well, we're playing this pit in Wayne, Michigan, way

'VE BEEN SPIT AT,
I'VE BEEN SLUGGED,
I'VE BEEN EGGED.
I'VE BEEN HIT WITH
PAPER CLIPS,
MONEY, CAMERAS,
BRASSIERES . . .

out on a farm road—about 800 or 1,000 kids—and I was dressed in a floppy woman's hat with three flowers on it and wearing long bleached-blond hair and a dancer's leotard with little ballet slippers—practice slippers—and a sash affair around my waist—I think it was somebody's curtain.

Eggs kept flying up on the stage, and as the set went on I was getting *really* sick of it. So I said, "Okay, stop the show *right now!*" I do this sometimes. (It's a funny thing—maybe it's common to other rockers, I don't know—but the sort of music I do is very aggressive and intoxicating, and after a few songs I enter another state, probably an adrenal overload of some kind. I believe I can do just about anything. It's not true, of course, and I often used to get into fights I just couldn't possibly win.) So finally I say, "Okay, stop the music!" Again, this is a low-ceiling dump of a room—could have been a pinball palace. I want to know who's the one throwing the eggs. Lo and behold, the waters part, and hundreds of people spread apart, and there before me—about 75 feet yon—really, just standing there like Man Mountain Dean, with long, flowing red hair, just grinning, feet squarely planted, toes out, was this enormous youth with the most, the biggest, happy smile I've ever seen. Really, it was a wonderful smile, 'cause he knew he was king and was about to kick my ass (I'm hop-



Steven Stone

ing not too badly). He must have been 6' 5", huge shoulders, had this large plaid lumberjack shirt, this big grin. And this one arm had a knuckle glove on, a knuckle glove that went *all the way up* the arm, studded at the knuckles. He was carrying one of those dozen-egg cartons—his weapon. He's clearly got his act, and he's just standing there, a hand on his hip, just leering at me, you know, and in a deep, resounding voice he says, "Hello."

So I had to make a show of it, and I'm on my toes like what I'd seen boxers do on TV, and I come out like David against Goliath to face my tormentor. Watching his fist moving toward you was like waiting for a train to hit you. He just squared off and decked me with one punch, right down on the ground, and I'm bleeding—I still have a scar, just dead between my eyes—I'm bleeding and everything. I saw stars. It was obvious I couldn't win, so I said, "All right, well... on with the show." And I went back and did "Louie, Louie."

I have this deathly fear of cops, of authority. And I had this girl friend who lived in the area—a very straight girl. She was a virgin at the time, ha!—a detail I took care of a year later. She lived with her parents, and she said, "Quick, I'll hide you." I just wanted to get out, I knew there'd be police. I didn't want them near me. So I just ducked out with her in my little ballerina costume, right, and crept

into her house late at night. I spent a night in the suburbs with this chick in my ballerina clothes in grandpa's bed or something, and to add insult to injury it was a chick that didn't even screw, you know. So I was all hot—a beautiful girl, you know—and trying to make it with this chick in my ballerina costume in the suburbs all night. The next morning I had to go through tea with her mother, in the daylight, in my little ballerina costume and all. So that was an unpleasant day. It was just the wrong clothes.

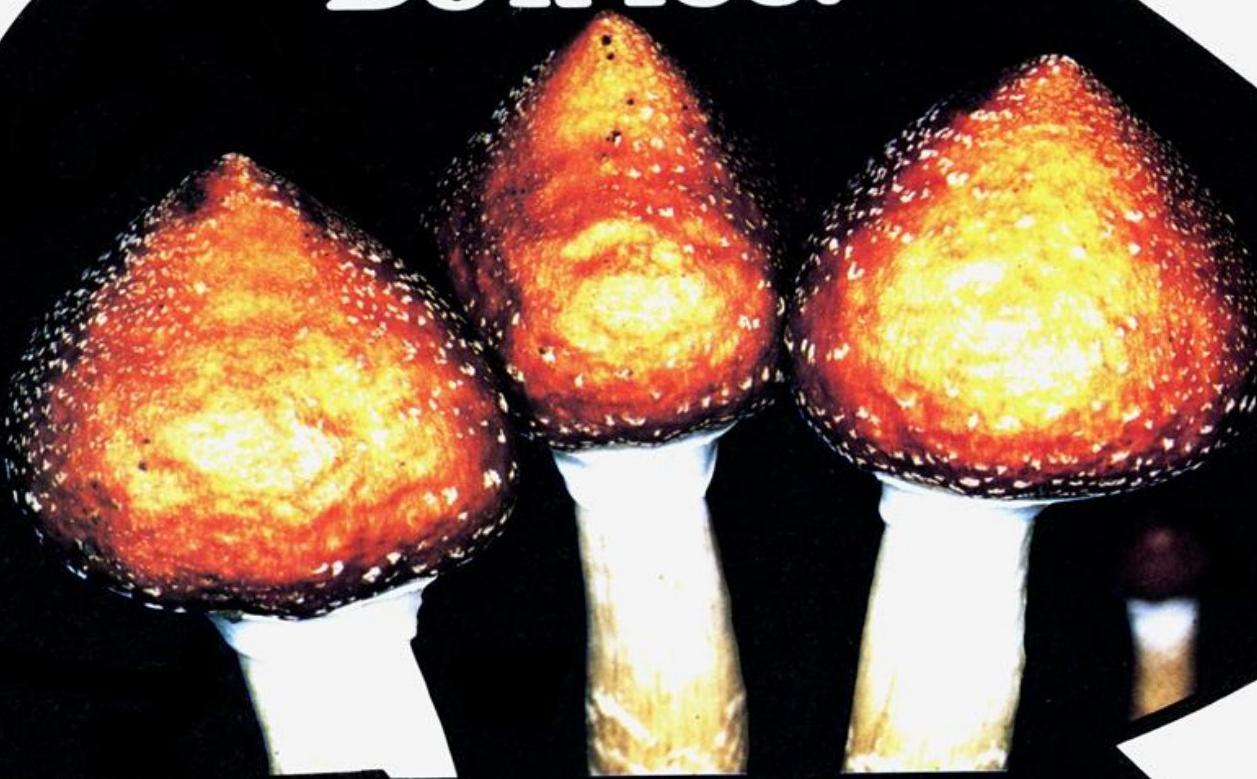
That same day I went back to Detroit. I went to the radio station and challenged the entire gang, the Scorpions, of which the guy was a member, to come down and do their worst at my big show in Detroit—at the Michigan Palace—which they proceeded to do.

It became "the last-ever Stooges gig" tape, *Metallic K.O.*, with a picture of me on the front of it knocked out cold—a picture of me lying *in state* as it were. And you can hear all sorts of things on the tape flying through the air. Shovels, four-gallon jugs, M-80s, blah blah, but our lady fans in the front rows threw a lot of beautiful underwear, which I thought was sweet.

And spit: I've probably been spit on more than any person alive outside of, I would say, a member of the prison system. It's funny how one's chickens come home to roost: I was the

continued on page 88

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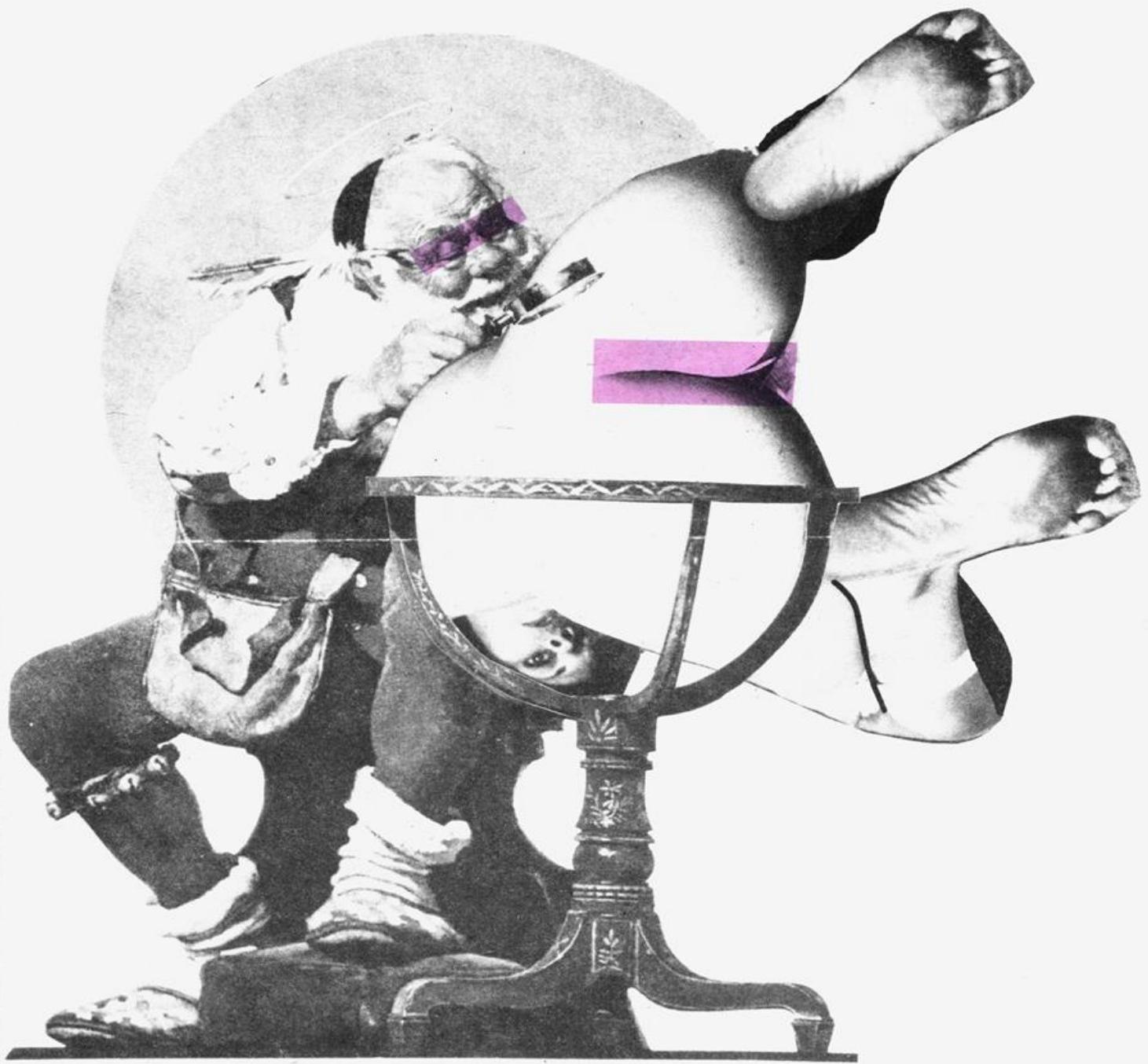


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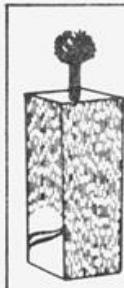
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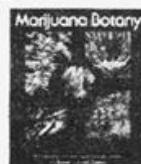
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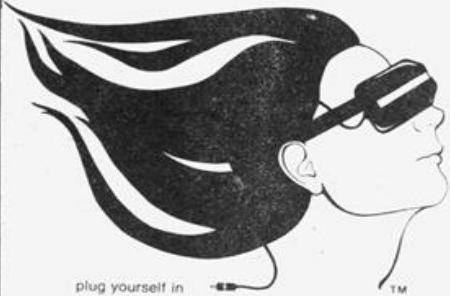
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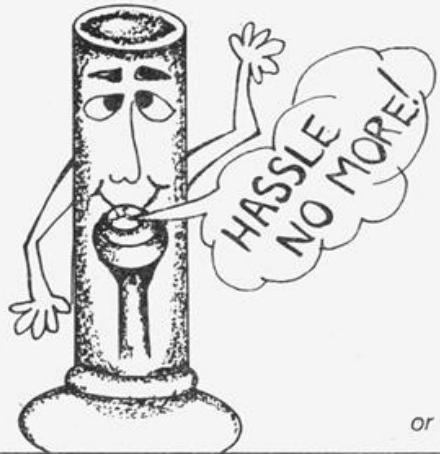
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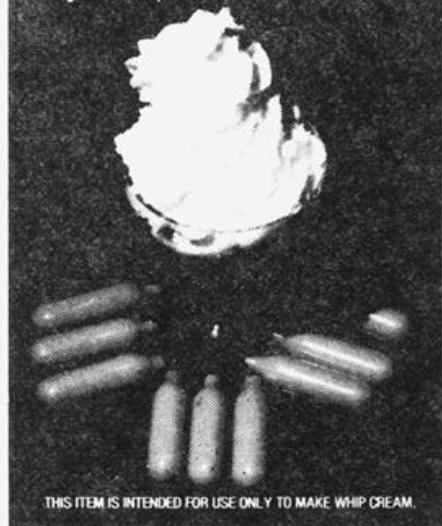
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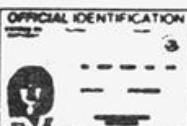
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335 LSD AIRLINES:
Fly today—
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slogan, 1970s

336 MARK [DAVID CHAPMAN, JOHN Lennon's confessed murderer] smoked marijuana for the first time in 9th grade... and he took his first tablet of LSD the next year... But during his sophomore year Mark became heavily involved in drugs. "He must have taken hundreds of trips," a friend recalls. "He tripped all the time, sometimes for 4 or 5 days in a row. It was mostly LSD, but he took a lot of mescaline and barbiturates too. Heroin was his favorite drug until a friend of his got burned by it. He said it turned everything white, like heaven." Flying back to Manhattan on Dec. 6, he tried to ensnare a cabbie in his delusion. "He told me he was a recording engineer and had just come from a session with John Lennon and Paul McCartney," recalls Mark Snyder. "Then he started shaking his head in a mad frenzy, smiling to himself like he had some inner thoughts that were sending him to outer space." He offered Snyder some cocaine, and later launched into "a jealous rage at people that were successful like rock stars.... 'Remember my name if you hear it again,' Mark told Snyder as he left the cab..."

James R. Gaines in *People*,
June 22, 1981

337 MARY P. LOMBARDI, OHIO SCHOOL teacher, is charged with murder of 18-year-old son awaiting treatment in hospital emergency room for treatment of drug overdose.

New York Times Index
summary of article in issue of
April 27, 1975

338 ONLY A BEGGAR OR A RICH MAN can eat opium.
Urdu proverb

339 QUESTION: WHICH IS THE MOST truthful way to spell Red Rum?
Answer: Backwards.

Jabez Inwards, *A Catechism for Teetotalers*, London, 185?

340 THE AVERAGE RUSSIAN TODAY spends, in a year, two months' salary on drink.

HIGH TIMES welcomes reader contributions to this clever column. Address correspondence to: Dope Lore,
HIGH TIMES, 17 West 60th Street, New York, N.Y. 10023.

341 THE CHINESE EMPEROR SHEN-nung first recorded cannabis' remarkable properties as a medicant in the 28th century B.C., and nearly every ancient culture has acknowledged the therapeutic benefits of cannabis... The Persians, Greeks, Romans, East Indians, and Assyrians used cannabis to control muscle spasms, reduce pain, and ease digestive upsets. The Egyptians recommended its use in treating eye problems. During the Middle Ages Europeans used the plant to treat burns and skin infections... [In the U.S.] Cannabis was widely used to treat a variety of ailments including asthma, arthritis and rheumatism, muscle spasms, tetanus, migraine headaches, and epilepsy... in 1938 there were 28 different preparations of cannabis available. Many pharmaceutical companies, including Eli Lilly, Parke-Davis, and Squibb, manufactured cannabis extracts and tinctures. The official index of drug preparations, *The U.S. Pharmacopeia*, listed cannabis as a drug of medicinal value until 1942... The Marijuana Tax Act of 1937 was designed to eliminate the social use of marijuana. The American Medical Association warned against a complete prohibition and predicted, "a restudy of the drug by modern means may show other advantages to be derived from its use."

The Alliance for Cannabis Therapeutics, Washington, D.C., Box 23691, L'Enfant Plaza Station, 20024

342 THE MOLLAH AND THE CHRISTIAN dog, Change places in mad metempsychosis The Muezzin climbs the synagogue, The Rabbi shakes his beard at Moses.

John Greenleaf Whittier in "The Haschish," from *Snowbound*, 1857

343 THE SHORTEST WAY OUT OF MAN-chester is a bottle of Gilbey's gin. 19th-century English

344 THERE ARE TWO ETHICS AT WAR: one Puritanical, mean, narrow, frightened. The other Hedonistic, "crazy," outgoing, "free." Between these two ethics, in this war, there will be many battles, casualties, prisoners, yes deaths. The forecast for resolution of this conflict is not optimistic.

Tuli Kupferberg, April 1981

345 THEY CALL HIM JERRY THE JUNKER He's down in Chinatown Raggedy clothes and torn shoes How that boy can sing the blues. U.S. song, 1920s

346 THEY'RE [DRUGS] THE WORST thing on the planet. Peter Townshend

347 WE RUN A RELIGIOUS ARTIFACT business; you know wooden models of the Wailing Wall and candelabras and so on. Every once in a while we send in a couple of keys inside the thing. *New York Times*, Feb. 16, 1971

348 I COMMENDED MIRTH BECAUSE A man hath no better thing under the sun than to eat, and to drink, and to be merry.

Ecclesiastes, 8:15

349 I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHO GOV-erns, whether it's a jackass or a bull from Tula, just so long as there's enough vodka and beer. contemporary Russian

350 IF THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION WERE cleansed everything would appear to man as it is, infinite.

William Blake

351 "IT IS TODAY THAT WE MUST DIE laughing!" hallucinatory guest of Théophile Gautier's Club des Haschichines

352 LET THE TOAST PASS; Drink to the lass; I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Sheridan, *The School for Scandal*, 1777, act 3, scene 3

353 THE HEMP PLANT... NOWHERE has its use been eradicated, even after thousands of years of effort in some instances.

Alfred R. Lindesmith, *The Addict and the Law*, 1965

354 THERE ARE MORE OLD DRUNKARDS than old physicians. Rabelais, *Gargantua*, 1535

DRUGS IN BIBLE

continued from page 63

when subjected to extreme, inescapable, prolonged stress. People like me could make a bundle writing about stuff like that, if the courts would only furnish an "ethical" way to assemble the *in vivo* data.)

So anyhow, here's Jesus hanging there on Golgotha—they all agree on **that** much. Hours pass, says St. Matthew's ghostwriter, and then Jesus cries, "God, God, why hast thou forsaken me?" in Aramaic: "**Eloi, Eloi,**" et cetera. The Roman execution squad standing by, merrily sadistic as any foreign-occupation grunts from **Apocalypse Now**, fancy he's calling on "Elijah," and decide to have a little fun with him—moisten his mouth, and hear some more superstitious kike delirium. "Straight away one of them ran, and took a sponge, and filled it with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave him to drink." And Jesus "cried again in a loud voice," and he died.

Mark, secretary to St. Peter much later, relates much the same thing: "One ran and filled a sponge with vinegar, and put it on a reed, and gave him to drink." And he "cried in a loud voice," and died.

St. Luke omits any mention of this incident. As a degress physician, Luke may have had his doubts about the whole episode.

As to St. John the Divine, while nobody knows who this shady character **was**, exactly, it's pretty clear he (or she, or them) was a crypto-Gnostic, putting all sorts of frankly **un-Christian** words into Jesus' mouth. Just about anything the "synoptic" Gospels say about Jesus' teachings is refuted in John, and vice versa, which is politically convenient for everyone. But as to this sponge incident, John is quite specific and minute:

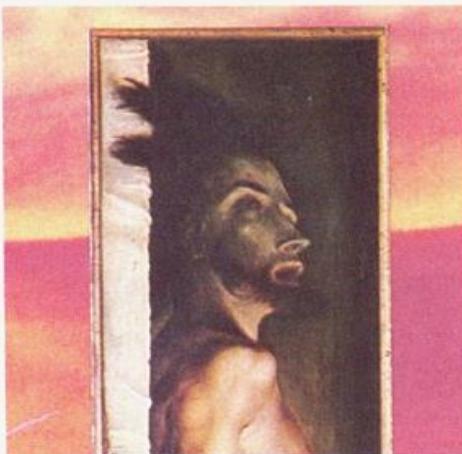
"Now there was set a vessel full of vinegar: they filled a sponge with vinegar, and put upon it hyssop, and put to his mouth. When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar he said, It is finished; and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost."

And that's the total of the scriptural suggestions, three out of four Gospels, that Jesus swallowed anything on the cross: vinegar, and maybe hyssop. (But the hyssop is **beaucoup** unlikely, since it was a mint which was used by the orthodox Jewry to purify the dying, like Extreme Unction in Papism. It was the orthodox Sanhedrin, remember, that set up this murder of Our Lord in the **first** place!) In Aramaic, it's true that "vinegar" in 30-odd A.D. was a slang term for a brand of vile skid-row wine, but chances are it was plain vinegar. Palestine was hardship duty for colonial Roman grunts, they were always being offed by guerrilla zealots like Barabbas and his goons, and the colonial office's procurator was always some sleazy office-seeker like Pilate, playing political games with the Sanhedrin. If you want a graphic description of what a zoo the Holy Land was then—much like today, all told—read **The Jewish Wars** by Flavius Josephus. If you, as a bored and pissed-off colonial legionnaire, had a chance to stuff a sponge full of vinegar into a dying Heeb's mouth, that was just recreation. Imagine the look on the gink's face when he'd thought he was getting real wine. Sure as Diana

at Ephesus, though, you **wouldn't** give him opium. That'd make it altogether too easy for the villain.

What happens, after all, if you do opium whilst being crucified? First of all, it's unlikely you could possibly suck enough dope out of a sponge to get even drowsy, under those exceedingly stressful circumstances, much less lapse into a convincingly narcoleptic coma. And if you could do so, you wouldn't just pass out, you'd die within moments. Opium, like all downs, abolishes the gag reflex. If you're hanging by your outstretched wrists, with your trachea doubled over like a bent garden hose, and your gag reflex is abolished by opium, that's all she wrote. D.O.A. If anybody slipped opium to Jesus on the cross, they killed him with it. At that point, this would have been a consummation so devoutly to be wished, there's no **way** the Romans would've let any opium anywhere near a crucifixion victim. They knew what opium was, and how it worked.

There is every reason, in fact, to believe that this whole **spongia somniferum** incident is a total fabrication, inserted after the atrocity itself, to fulfill the very crucial prophecy in the 69th Psalm, wherein the future Messiah guarantees: "They gave me also gall for my meat; and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink." So the word "gall"—signifying some active poison, the **rebbes**



tell me, corrosive and abrasive to the body—actually occurs in the Scriptures from at least 200 years before the epoch of Jesus. It never meant opium, and it was never even **supposed** to mean opium.

Opium is nowhere mentioned in the Holy Bible. Back then, opium was strictly a medicine, cultivated at one sole plantation way up the Nile at Thebes. **Opium Thebaicum** was Nero's brand name for it. It was so rare that only top ministers of state and the incredibly wealthy had access to it at all, and none of **them** ever had enough to "abuse" it properly. Therefore, it was beneath the notice of the Bible writers, if not entirely beyond their ken, so they never mentioned opium at all, anywhere.

OPIUM AND JESUS RECONSIDERED

Then again I could be wrong. Jesus of Nazareth and his gang had rich friends in high places with political influence, such as this Joseph of Arimathea, who bribed the body loose of Pilate on Passover Eve, and donated the tomb and all.

Possibly he could also have scored some highest **opium Thebaicum**, and bribed a guard to slip it to Jesus on the cross—it's not out of the question. There's still no way it **wouldn't** have killed him on the spot, though, thanks to the gag-reflex phenomenon. So if Jesus really **did** walk out of Joseph's tomb on Easter Sunday, it wasn't just some flimflam involving narcotics. Think on that one, Jews! Maybe you **did** kill Our Lord!

There's a possible way to check it out, y'know. There's that weird linen burial-shroud in the altar of the Royal Chapel at the Cathedral of Turin in Italy. It's been there since 1353, certified, and the linen weave obviously dates from at least a millennium before that. At one point, very early on, it was wrapped around the body of a six-foot Caucasian male who had been impaled through wrists and insteps, flogged heartily, pierced in the left rib cage by a sharp instrument and excoriated around the forehead and temples by something that could have been a circlet of thorns. The body outline is etched onto the linen in dramatic negative, obviously by uric acid, which is exuded from sweat glands in such abundance only under extreme, inescapable, prolonged stress. And the body was obviously **removed** from the winding-sheet within 72 hours after interment, or those handsome Caucasian features wouldn't have been etched onto it with such daguerreotype clarity. It's not just dopers who are absolutely, permanently and irrefragably convinced that this is the True Shroud of the Christ Jesus. If only those dog-in-the-manger Romish Papists would consent to snip out a couple square centimeters for scientific analysis . . .

It still wouldn't prove Jack Shit, sorry to say. All the scientific analysis in the world couldn't determine whether the body slipped out of that winding-sheet under its own power, or was removed, stone-dead forever, by other parties. And since no one, so far as we know, took any tissue samples from Jesus of Nazareth when he was alive and preserved them to this day, clearly labeled and notarized for the purposes of comparison, we'll never know if the stiff in that sheet had been Jesus or somebody else. Any number of hedge messiahs were crucified in the centuries after Jesus, striving as ardently to fulfill all the Old Testament prophesies as scrupulously as Jesus allegedly did. If a condemned heretic **asked** the Roman grunts to flog him, crown him with thorns, nail him up and stick him in the heart with a spear, chances are they'd be glad to oblige, nine times out of ten.

And then there's the likelihood of ritual murder. Some of those early Christian cults were weird in the **extremis** (check St. John Chrysostom or Eusebius sometime, for kicks. Check **Iraeus**, for heaven's sake!). You sure couldn't put it past a gang of them to have been kidnapping the occasional six-foot Caucasian, to put him through all the orthodox Stations of the Cross, even unto unwrapping the winding-sheet within 72 hours of the grand sacrifice. And if they came up with the occasional uric-acid daguerreotype on the winding-sheet, that would certainly be a relic worth hanging onto for a few thousand years, wouldn't it? You could flimflam the credulous with it to the year A.D. 2000 and beyond.

continued on page 89

INT: GANESH BABA

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of consolation and fulfillment. There, I welcome them as my own masters, as my own patrons, as my own great pioneers.

HIGH TIMES: What do you think of cocaine?
BABA: One thing I must here and now make very clear. I'm not at all in favor of any intoxicants of the normal growth. Ideally speaking, every civilized society should grow its children and future citizens so they aren't dependent on intoxicants. But since our cultures are failures, since our so-called achievements are all fakes and phonies, therefore people are being forced under the circumstances of society in their anxiety situation in the West and the economic deprivation of the East...the choice between the East and the West is the choice between the devil and the deep blue sea. Ha ha ha.

HIGH TIMES: Do you feel some drugs are dangerous?

BABA: I don't like this narcotic, what they call the morphine, opiate group. That's only for very old people. Very informed people. People who have either lost all hopes or have fulfilled their lives. But getting back to the last question. We have to live in a society where we can't live without drinking or without smoking, so let's live, but let's make it less dangerous for us. It's not good if we are smoking and slouching, drinking and fighting and giving negativity to friends. Biting the hands that feed us, that's what the alcoholics do. Ha ha ha ha.

HIGH TIMES: You said you made your own synthesis with alcohol. What does it do to you?

BABA: Uh, just a minor euphoria. To start with—then rank antics.

HIGH TIMES: Didn't you stop smoking once for several years?

BABA: Yes. Before my coming here, quite a few times I used to give up smoking. You know, I don't smoke marijuana to go high. I smoke marijuana to come down. You see? Then I can communicate with you. Suppose I was not taking marijuana, I would be communicating with God. That's called communion.

HIGH TIMES: Why do you think cannabis is prohibited by every government?

BABA: That's a very interesting question. Perhaps it is the Western man's hatred for the people they colonized. They could attribute their weakness, their meekness, their lack of fight to marijuana and hemp and cannabis. They try to prohibit the psychedelics so their citizens may not be pacifists. They will warriors, killers, bombers, murderers, motherfuckers. These boozers, for three thousand years they are drinking, drinking every evening. Alcohol is a left-brain drug, psi-delta leads you to the right side, right brain, the imaginative brain, the feminine side. Marijuana, don't you see, is feminine—Mary. Do you know how the word marijuana has come into currency? The original Christians were in two peninsulas, Italy and Spain. In Spain, the Don Juans, the sorcerers, they came

here to the New World. Their religion came too, the religion of the Don Juans who were worshiping Mother Mary and getting her vision and fulfillment of all their direct entreaties. They were proliferating this Mother Mary through smoking marijuana, so that's why people call it Mary-Juana. It's like a laboratory, the laboratory of your being. When you are going to the external laboratory, alcohol is okay. But to go to the inner laboratory, that altered state of consciousness was missing for a long time, a genetic stalemate had taken place in the West. And damn these young people, it all happened spontaneously. There was no committee formed. There was already a narcotics bureau, and all those things against it, but there was no propsychedelic group. You people need right-brain help, because your lives have been so much mechanized, so much bamboozled, so much harangued and harassed. You need a damned alteration, and that alteration has come and that alteration is carrying on your culture—otherwise you people would have been on each other's throat and would have annihilated at least your part of the terra firma. You are so powerful. Ha ha ha ha ha.

HIGH TIMES: What do you think of Tim Leary?

BABA: Tim Leary, I love him. He's a misguided man but he has contributed a great turn from the rigid, old, haggard mechanistic way of looking at things. Bank balance to be the measure of success—he defied that. He said choose your path. And now he's making a living in playing the joker, you know, and that's so beautiful. That's a true Saddhu image; true dropout. Saddhu means simple and high.

HIGH TIMES: Are you optimistic? You talk about free will and a basic life-death choice we have. Are you optimistic?

BABA: I pray and I hope. My main work is how to save mankind from auto-annihilation, and I find you people are beautiful satellites. From there I can operate, because unless the ground is ready...we cannot do it by writing and talking, we have to psychologically blow their minds by telepsychic vibrations. That's my message, which is a secret message. Because we can culminate that special channel of prayer—that's the sacred secret. There are terrific powers of prayer.

HIGH TIMES: How would you define God?

BABA: [Long pause, heavy breathing] You have put me in a very, very tight corner. Ha ha ha. I take God as the final frame of reference. The psychic reality of that which is, the reality behind that is God, which is a term used by man since time immemorial. That's how I understand God, but I don't think there is any human power to define God. It's not a static concept.

HIGH TIMES: Let's talk about sex.

BABA: Must we? Your "R." has given me the highest laurels on that respect. I also request of you, if you can find a girl who can take me to sex. Let me also pull your leg as you people are pulling my leg, let me also put

continued on page 86

FLASH

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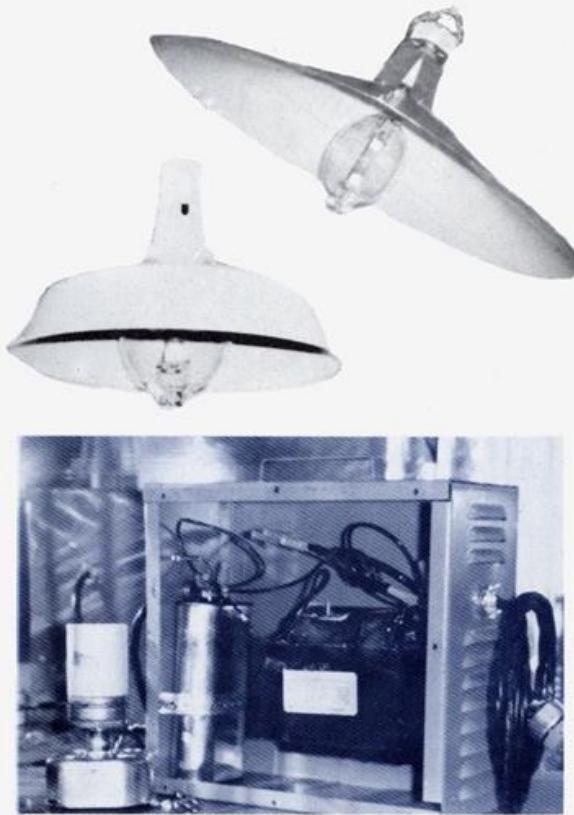
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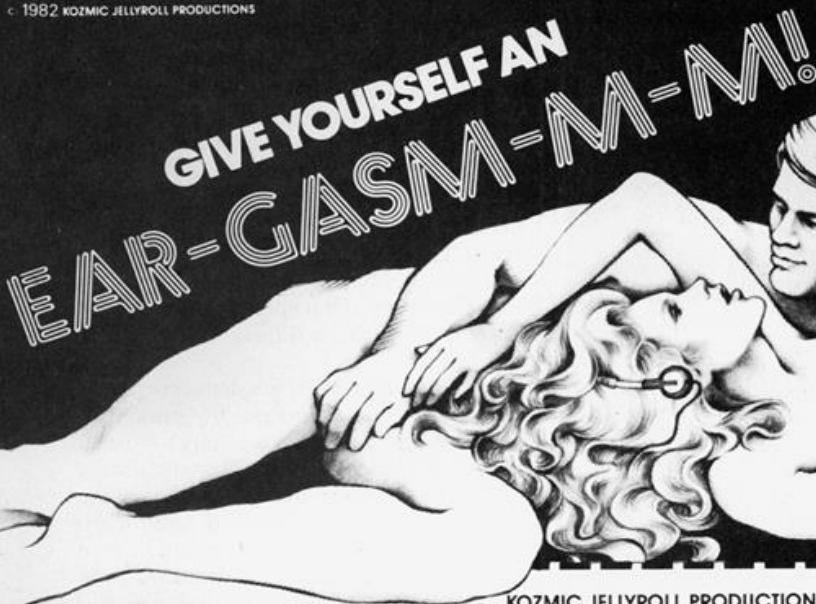
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you into practical difficulty. Ha ha ha. I'm not a prude about sex. I can live with the topmost banality of your culture. Ha ha ha ha. I belong to the order that worships bliss, ananda, joy, euphoria.

HIGH TIMES: Here, here!

BABA: Cheer, hilarity—

HIGH TIMES: Go for it, Ganesh.

BABA: Gaiety. So I bless them all but I don't indulge in any of that. So what do you want to know about sex? I think you people know everything about sex. So do you want a little scientific information? How the meeting of the two sexes ultimately leads to the final act of sex and then parting in frustration. Ha ha ha! Ha ha ha!

HIGH TIMES: How about sex and drugs?

BABA: Sex, that is the mainstream of our living. Ha-ha. Freud was very right, because he was the first Westerner who talked in plain language about libido. Sex is the lowest common denominator of the entire life process for not only survival but also for reproduction.

HIGH TIMES: What about sex for pleasure?

BABA: No. Pleasure, there's nothing sexual in the pleasure, but sex does produce a measure of pleasure. But I have a problem to ask Doctor Freud. Doctor Freud, you were saying repression. Can we fuck all the girls that we like to fuck? So we have to repress what we must. I agree with him to that extent, that there is a basic repression involved in social organization. But do not make a fetish of it as he made it. The repression is not so much sexual. It is more economic and what they call identity. But coming to brass tacks now—of sex in relation to altered states of consciousness. Sex is also altered state. And also, what about a savior from boredom? But it leads to greater boredom if it's indulged in.

HIGH TIMES: Did you see E.T.?

BABA: That's child's play to me. What does that mean?

HIGH TIMES: Have you ever played Pac-Man?

BABA: I've seen it, but not too much playing. They don't make a difference, they're a child's toy.

HIGH TIMES: But is there a danger to them?

BABA: That side I don't put my mind to. I have not taken sole responsibility to correct the whole world. Ha ha ha. The whole thing with these video games—do they make them more neurotic? Wanting more marijuana? Yes or no! It's a question of free choice. If you want your children not to end up as neurotics, fighters, divorcees and ultimately dropping dead in the psychotic wards or shock treatments or ultimately being maintained on respirators. So it's a choice. So I say a little bit of the games, but there is absolutely no control on the children in America.

You know what is the greatest defect I find in your society? You have spoiled the children till they are eighteen, then you leave them in the lurch to go to the streets to pimp and prostitute to make a living. That is your affluence.

HIGH TIMES: What do you suggest?

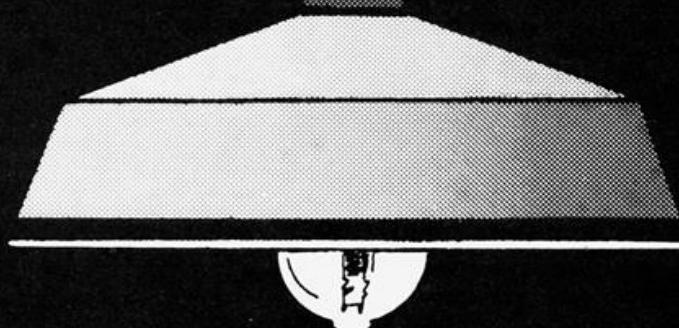
BABA: Just go by your own proverbs. Spare the rod and spoil the child. Because that was not taught by fools. You are making them fools, slaves of dancing toys. Discipline them, instill a little fear. In my country we say, "Up to five years just lick them, kiss them. For ten years, five to sixteen, drive them. And the moment they become sixteen, treat them as your own very dear friends."

HIGH TIMES: This is for the Christmas issue. Do you have a seasonal message to our readers?

BABA: My best advice to the readers is buck your backs. If you are smokers, carry yourselves straight twenty-five hours a day. And breathe well. Drink a lot of milk if you are not what they call a high-pressure patient. And most important: These are the days this Christmas that is a reminder of a new age that was ushered in two thousand years ago. And now, by our misconception of that great message of Christ, we are now turned savage. Christian soldiers are killing unarmed refugees in Lebanon camps. We must all search with our hearts, that with that grand message why do we fall into rapacity, into murder? He came to teach us mercy and we have forgotten it. We are specializing in murdering and mass-murdering and ultimately murdering Mother Earth. So, such is the predicament in our present times. Our Christmas should be spent, indeed, in introspection and prayer and love for the total humanity. Prayers and good luck to all men, all nations. May peace and prosperity rain down. That's my message. And the main thing is all of you should encourage attempts like HIGH TIMES who are struggling to bring some sense and order to a known reality. That not a million, tens of millions, hundreds of millions of American boys and girls have been turned on to a cult or a dope or a drug. Take it as an existential reality. Don't alienate your own kids. Don't let them be criminals and shooters. So this is a very great task HIGH TIMES is engaged in, giving some synthesis to the great achievements that these young people of the new age have achieved. So let the new generation come forward. Subscribe to HIGH TIMES and plug your friends with the present of HIGH TIMES as the best Christmas gift for peace and prayer and staving off man-made holocaust. So that our children, our children's children, will continue to dance in joy of Christmas, in joy of the coming of the great messiah of peace and mercy. I am among the psychedelic generation. Especially those people that have been dubbed as hippies, the long hairs—hated, harassed, hounded, put into distress. Today I want to divulge one thing. This sole force of our hippie movement has not only brought peace and sanity in our affairs in the East Asian countries like Korea and Vietnam, but has also staved off a greater confrontation by forcing rabid maniac presidents like Nixon and Agnew into détente. Which has now become extant. Ha-ha. I think I have given enough of a Christmas message. I'm a psychedelic hipster, that's all. □

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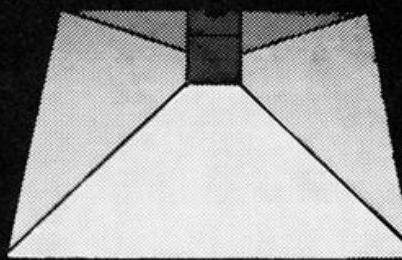


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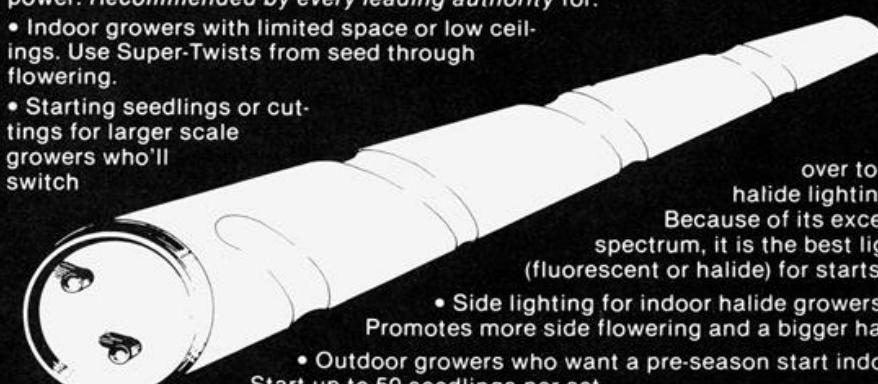
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IGGY

continued from page 69

one who instituted the custom of spitting. I used to spit on my audiences—when I was pissed off with them—to get them going. I couldn't get satisfaction any other way, so I spit on the fuckers.

But ohhh my, three years later—I did a comeback tour in 1977 with David Bowie's help. He was in the band on the piano. We had a gig in Friar's Court in Aylesbury, near London. It was a warm-up gig for London. We had been living on the Continent for some time, and we heard about this Punk movement that was going on in England and certain of its associated rituals.

Apparently audiences had learned to gob on the performers, right? So I came to Aylesbury and was greeted with the most affectionate hail of gob—no, a frenzied hail of gob. They were leaping in the air to get to me. They would even work out these rotations so that everyone could get a gob in, you know. The people who really get hurt in all of this are the other band members, because they can't dodge as quickly as I can. People's aim is often wild—they often mis-judge—so my band got a lotta gob.

I hired a soul musician, Jackie Clark, a black fellow who had played with Ike and Tina Turner, the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band and perhaps with Dr. Hook's Medicine Show or

... HALF MY BAND GOT
BEAT UP TRYING TO
DEFEND ME FROM
A MONSTER I PROVOKED

one of those putrid American bands. This was, like, a professional, soulful musician, and I hired him to play rhythm—he had a good sense of rhythm. Well, I hired him on one tour, and he dressed in sort of the *Blazing Saddles* kind of tradition. He dressed the black cowboy that was his particular bit—sort of a Gucci Bo Diddley—a very beautiful, fine, wide-brimmed Stetson hat, tan, in good taste, and these toreador-type pants—very overdone cowboy. The first night out he came up to me, "Jim, I don't care what they do to me, but when they gob on my hat I get mad." He used to get just covered in gob.

As a matter of fact, a lot of my musicians have strange things happen to them. Klaus Krüger, my German drummer, came over to America for the first time to do the *New Values* album with me, and he decided to take a little trip to see America. It was just before Christmas. He drove across magnificent deserts and canyons. And on Christmas Day some kid threw a grapefruit off a freeway overpass right through the windshield of his car. It nearly killed him.

Half of my band got beat up on this last tour trying to defend me—to save me—from a monster I provoked. Marseilles may be meaner than Detroit. □

MIGRANTS

continued from page 45

dope as if they were shelling peas at a church social.

"Casseroles and jug wine, for chrissake," says Jim, who is finishing his third plant. "Like, mellow me out, man."

"They're just a bit out of sync," says Christine. "Don't get nasty."

"Hey," says Jim, his eyes glazing over. "What's wrong with mellow?"

When they leave later in the week, they take their pay in weed. It isn't very good, but it's still early enough to unload it in the Bay Area, and they do better than if they'd been paid by the hour. In two weeks they had made nearly \$4,000.

They sit in the balcony of the Vesuvio Cafe and watch the tourists on Broadway. Christine had called some friends. The harvest was coming in fast. They could spend a couple days in the city and then head north. They'd have their pick of places. If they timed it right, Christine muses, they could keep busy until Thanksgiving.

Jim groans. "Thanksgiving? I don't care if I ever see another goddamn plant."

"Yeah," says Christine, signaling for another beer. "We could pick grapes. Three bucks an hour and all you can eat. You ever eat a wine grape?"

"I was only kidding," says Jim. □

DRUGS IN BIBLE

continued from page 83

Accepting for the sake of a swell punch line that it was Jesus in that shroud, though, maybe we could clear up this foul opium speculation with just a few shreds of it. Merely send them to the Drug Enforcement Administration's elite Southeastern Regional Laboratory in Miami. Their master lab tech there could run the stuff through every space-age forensic technique from gas-liquid chromatography to neutron backscatter, and if that six-foot Caucasian had imbibed a single nanogram of any controlled substance within a few hours of being wrapped in that sheet, you can be sure the DEA would sniff it out (or at least that's the sort of thing the DEA guarantees us taxpayers). Of course, then Bud Mullin might feel obliged to report the Cathedral of Turin to the United Nations High Commission on Narcotic Drugs, or the International Association of Chiefs of Police...

Yeah, maybe that's why those Romish Papists won't yield up a snip of shroud for analysis. Too bad we Presbyterians didn't get hold of it, we'd have settled it all long ago. We got guts, dumping purgatory and indulgences and all that chickenshit flim-flam, and we'd damn well dump the True Shroud, too, if it turned out to be a fake. *Ein Feiste Burg Ist Unser Gott!* □

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CAN TV ROCK? IS VAN HALEN GOD? MTV THINKS SO.

MEDIUM

* Rock 'n' roll has had its problems in television formats.

* Promotional videos were used quite a bit in the '60s, when the music industry was still geared primarily to a hit-singles market. Shows like "Shindig" and "Hula-baloo" in the United States and "Top of the Pops" and "Ready Steady Go" in England were excellent video programming formats. When the music industry became more interested in promoting albums and concert tours in the late '60s/early '70s, the use of these promotional shorts declined.

* MTV acts like it's the only video around, but video music has existed

for quite a while.

* In the early '70s a number of attempts were made to cash in on rock's popularity with TV tie-ins. But shows like "Don Kirshner's Rock Concert" and "In Concert" failed miserably to translate rock's fundamental appeal to the television screen.

* The flat, one-dimensional coolness of video, its lack of perspective and its ruthless miniaturization of theatrical images work against all the elements rock music depends on for its effects.

* At moments like the Beatles' "Ed Sullivan Show" appearance, rock

'n' roll was able to demonstrate its power on television, but the major networks were afraid of it because it was hard to control. Rock 'n' roll intruded into network television's fantasy world.

* Cable TV offers rock 'n' roll total access to television. The major networks had to appeal to the lowest common denominator of their audience, but cable television creates enough channels for in-depth specialty-interest programming.

* Rock music, as well as jazz and blues, has been extensively programmed in a variety of formats on

cable television in the last few years. MTV is the first concerted attempt to standardize video-music programming through an FM radio-style 24-hour musical format.

* MTV is owned by Warner Amex, a division of Warner Communications. Warner Communications wields a powerful influence on the record industry through its record companies, which include Warner Brothers, Atlantic and Elektra.

* Because of the expense involved in putting such a system together (estimates put it at \$20 million), it is a virtual monopoly. Rock fans in all parts of the country watch the same

COOLST

BY JOHN SWENSON

videos of the same groups at the same time.

* Like automated FM networks, MTV is calculatedly boring in its programming. Excitement produces action, which could in some cases mean turning the channel to "Uncle Floyd" or "Championship Wrestling."

* The MTV play list is said to be about 500 songs, although a group of only about 10 percent of those songs is repeated over and over.

* MTV's biggest problem is with the music itself. Is rock 'n' roll a videotape of Triumph imitating Journey while "flying" on a guitar-shaped stage through space? Probably not.

* Every couple of hours, MTV programs what they call "music news," weakly patterned after the popular "Random Notes" column in **Rolling Stone**. The information provided in these segments is negligible, apparently by design.

* Sets are programmed to appeal to various interest groups a la FM radio: Paul McCartney is followed by Fleetwood Mac; April Wine by Judas Priest; Haircut 100 by Adam and the Ants. Sometimes the juxtapositions are inspired, as when a Kinks song is followed by Pete Townshend.

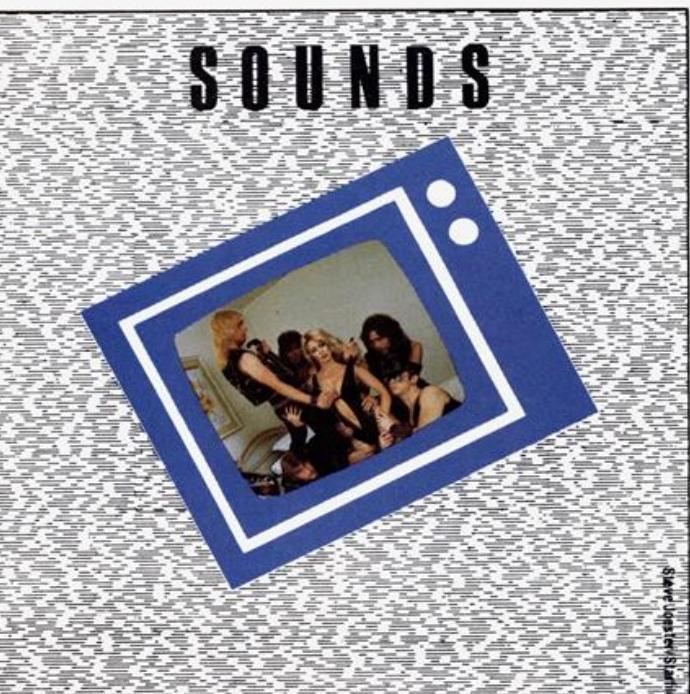
* The J. Geils Band demonstrates the most effective use of video on "Freeze Frame."

* Visual elements are at their most powerful when they express a non-verbal, kinetic analogue to the music.

* The theatrical approach to music-video subjugates the music itself to the secondary function of a sound track. This can be useful, especially when the song is better suited to such treatment. Fleetwood Mac's "Gypsy" isn't much to listen to but works beautifully as a sound track. Stevie Nicks is better off on-camera, swirling around the stage with voice-overs for the sound track.

* Early '50s jukeboxes provide a persistent bit of iconography in music videos.

* MTV is fond of airing minute-long "interviews," which are, at best, befuddling. Martha Quinn is the best of their interviewers (she is, in fact, the best of the station's five video jockeys). J.J. Jackson, another video jockey, looks a bit nervous in his interview pieces. One interview with Thirty Eight Special cuts gu-



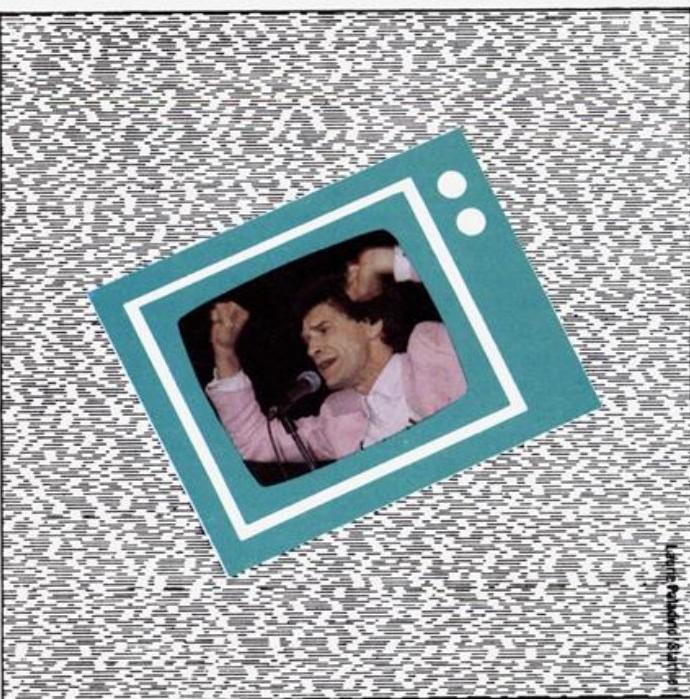
tarist Don Barnes off in mid sentence.

* MTV has eight minutes of commercial time per hour. One of the most repeated of those commercials is an ad for the **TV Guide**-size **Rockbill** magazine. The ad begins with the line: "Remember reading?" The idea seems to be to ride MTV's coattails into some postliterate bonanza. One problem: You can't read **Rockbill**, only scan it.

* "I utilize all the game I harvest," says Ted Nugent suddenly, from a TV set in a brick wall. "All these people who think all the animals are Bambis and will live forever should

get out of their apartments and check it out." J.J. Jackson nods his head uncertainly in encouragement. Back in the studio, Alan Hunter purses his lips in the exaggeratedly serious manner he constantly effects. He turns and stares directly into the camera. He is telling the audience about the sexiest rock stars in Canada. He pumps his arms. He makes emphatic pointing gestures. He stumbles over his lines. He is pretending to be an airhead. Or is he?

* The biggest improvement of the MTV format over previous attempts to program rock music on television is the introduction of an FM hookup



available for use with the system. This simulcast approach overcomes the problem of tinny monophonic sound previously associated with televised rock. It does not, however, solve the problem of visual trivialization inherent in the television medium.

* Paul McCartney's "Take It Away" promotional video, which includes a performance by Ringo Starr, was made at a cost of \$200,000. Someone obviously felt it was worth it.

* Senior vice-president of programming for Warner Amex, Robert Pittman, says, "We are not dealing with plot and continuity like traditional television. There is no beginning, middle and end. It is a much different use of the television box."

* About two years ago a trend in British rock called "New Romantics" became popular. It was extremely influential for about six months before going out of style as quickly and completely as only British musical trends can. It never took hold in the United States despite some serious promotion from major labels. MTV uses promotional videos from these groups and their offshoots—Adam and the Ants, Duran Duran, Haircut 100, the Human League. The airing of these promotional videos has had a dramatic effect on the record sales of these groups.

* British record companies have relied on promotional videos for years and are well along in the particulars of applying them. As a result, much of MTV's programming and almost all of its most effective videos are from English groups.

* One of the station's video jockeys, J.J. Jackson, is virtually the only nonwhite face you'll see when you turn on the MTV channel. This is undoubtedly a strategy designed to help the station's appeal in affluent white households across the country. No wonder Jackson looks nervous.

* You will see no sex on MTV. The station has its own reviewing board of censors that ensure no "R"-rated material makes it to the screen.

* Industry insiders are hailing MTV as the future of the record industry. With the current economic problems in that industry, the panic mentality of its denizens could make that claim a self-fulfilling prophecy. As of yet, the streets are not littered with discarded stereo systems.

continued on page 94

SOUNDS

3RD WORLD BRIDGES THE GAP



Here's a reggae band with impeccable musical credentials, a history dating back virtually to the inception of the music, a determination to widen the scope of reggae and a public stand that marijuana is not a necessary tenet of Rastafarianism. Sounds unusual? Well, wait until you hear the band. If reggae fell a little short of recapitulating the soul explosion of the '60s, Third World just might pick up the pieces. In fact, their recent album, **You've Got the Power**, includes two songs written and produced by Stevie Wonder, "Try Jah Love" and "They're Playing Us Too Close," which have made reggae accessible to the largest audience it's enjoyed.

Third World was formed in 1973 by guitarist Stephen "Cat" Coore and keyboardist Michael "Ibo" Cooper. They'd been playing together in the Alley Cats, and Coore did a number of notable sessions,

including "Stir It Up" and "Catch a Fire" with Bob Marley and the Wailers. Bassist Richie Daley came from the Astronauts, while drummer William John Lee "Root" Stewart and percussionist Irvin "Carrot" Jarrett played in Inner Circle before joining Third World. Lead singer-guitarist William "Rugs" Clarke is the only non-Jamaican member of the group, a New York City Rasta who joined the band in 1976, replacing Milton Hamilton.

In the 10 years they've been together, Third World has produced seven albums that have synthesized roots reggae with a variety of other popular forms. In 1978 they broke through with their first national hit, "Now That We've Found Love (Journey to Addis)." Another song, "96 Degrees in the Shade," consolidated their popularity before their current association with Stevie Wonder.

At the Reggae Sunsplash festival in 1981, Third World combined with Stevie Wonder for a tribute to the late Bob Marley, playing "Master Blaster (Jammin')" and Marley's "Redemption Song." Wonder asked Third World to join him at the Black Music Association's Family Fair Concert at the Pasadena Bowl. "We did it," recalls percussionist Carrot, "and then he said, 'Hey, I have a tune for you.' He said, 'Come on to the studio, let's record it.'

"It was time for us to do our album but we were going to do it differently. We went and recorded 'Playing Us Too Close,' and he wrote another one which was 'Try Jah Love.' He came in and he just started playing it, just like that. So we started playing with him and the whole thing grew; we recorded the tune. He didn't have all the lyrics that night. He went and wrote the lyrics and came back. It was good.

We went home and listened to it and it grew on us. Two tunes, slightly different messages, but good tunes. He inspired the album on a whole. He gave us strength to know that he saw fit to associate with us."

Third World was impressed by Wonder's balancing of production and performance skills. "When he plays a tune it's because he doesn't hear anyone else doing it," explains Carrot. "He says, 'I'd like to express this thought, or this desire, and there's no one else expressing it, so let me do it.' If there was someone who would express his desires, his thoughts, he would just sit back and produce it. He allows you to express what you feel. He doesn't stifle you. You can hear it in his music. He uses anything that comes to mind: a baby crying, a baby laughing, a baby in the bath, he makes some real primitive sounds with his voice and he's not apologetic about it."

The collaborations with Wonder are the most experimental extensions of reggae Third World has recorded. In fact, "Try Jah Love" is a hot dance number, toe-tapping disco as only Wonder can make it, with Stevie grooving along on piano for good measure.

Commercial success has not meant entirely good news to Third World. They have been criticized for not playing "pure" reggae, but the band feels they have been true to their own musical ideas. "No music can stay in one era," says "Cat" Coore. "Like a baby walking, he learns to move, creep, walk and then run. There must be development."

Carrot sees no contradiction with reggae principles in this development. "With Third World it is commonplace," he explains. "It is not something that we borrowed. It's something that we are born with, that we grew up with. My father is a jazz musician, my brother is a jazz musician, Cat's mother is a classical pianist. Ibu's aunt is a classical pianist. We are used to this environment, so what we play is what we feel. A lot of musicians borrow music so as to enhance their thing, sometimes you hear them playing it and you know it's not commonplace. We play what we really feel and a lot of people don't understand that, they say we sell out. They say that we're not playing roots music. But roots music is a particular type of music, what we play is another type of music. We all belong. There is no superior or inferior one in any of us."

Carrot is one of the members of the band who practices Rastafarianism without smoking the sacred herb, marijuana. "The Rastafarians believe that it is a way of life," he reasons, "something that makes them more aware of God. Some Rastafarians like myself have used it. In my case, I found that when I used it, it taught me what I had to learn from it and now I can do without that teaching. It was a transition for me, and I'm not saying that I'll never use it again—smoking it, that is—but I know I can do without it. Suits me better to do without it. I eat it and drink it but not smoke it. And that is just occasional, when I feel I need to get a little cleansing. Only that can bring that about."

Coming from a middle-class background has given Third World an unusual perspective on Rastafarianism. "In my immediate family I am the first Rastafarian," says Carrot. "I was exposed to it in my society and it was very remote. Society always put a black cloud or gloom on the Rastaman. The blackheart man was always the man who would take away kids. When I used to go to school my mother would tell me to make sure I got straight out of the classroom and straight home, 'cause a blackheart man would come for you and take out your heart."

"I became exposed to it in a remote way. I listened to all the teachings in the school. I grew up in the Roman Catholic church. Rastafarian culture was very removed. It was through a mystical incorporation that I conceived Rastafari. Most musicians who started out as what are called 'baldheads.' Did you ever see Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde? Once he gets involved in the music he has consumed so much of the faith that he starts sprouting locks, starts looking like a Rastafarian. It's an automatic thing."

Carrot tugs at a lock and smiles. "It's a good job, reggae music." HT

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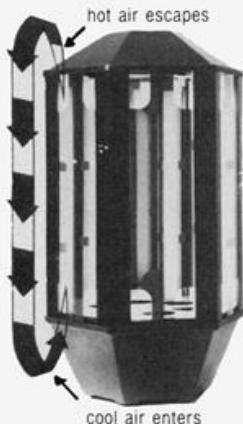
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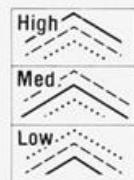
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continued from page 91

MTV

* MTV claims it offers more variety than FM radio. This is a deception when you consider that there is no competing system. Does MTV offer more variety than the combined formats of every FM station in the country?

* During another music-news segment, jockey Mark Goodman noted that the Who album, *It's Hard*, was doing well, then launched into an impromptu criticism of a Jon Pareles review in the *New York Times*. It was good to hear someone on MTV use something less than bombastic praise in a description, but Goodman had all the critical delicacy of a mob hit man. He appealed to the audience on the grounds that he was one of them, claiming to buy tickets and records just like them. If he does, he probably takes them off his taxes. The idea that this guy is on the same level as the audience watching him is gross deceit. What's more, his defense was of a group that records for the Warner Communications corporation, the same corporation that pays his salary. This kind of corporate intimidation of legitimate dissent and criticism is totally reprehensible.

* Is the MTV format a promotional tool for selling records? Or is it a way of familiarizing the audience with a video-music format in preparation for the videocassette boom? The first taste is always free, folks.

* The most spectacular videos shown on MTV are the station's own promotional clips, particularly its signature ID, "Logo on the Moon," an animated re-creation of the first manned lunar landing with an MTV logo instead of the U.S. flag planted in the moon's dust.

* MTV could have a tremendously beneficial impact on the music industry if people don't invest it with too much aesthetic power. There's a very real danger that musicians and the record industry itself will produce material designed to look better than it sounds. **HT**



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Hey, you, wipe off those greasy mitts before fingering this magazine. You've been eating potato chips again. No, not on your pants. Use a napkin. Okay, that's better, but try to restrain yourself from eating any more until you've finished reading. No, don't reach into that bag. Ugh! What's the use.

Chances are you're one of them—that's right, you're a potato-chip addict. You don't crave potatoes, you're not strung out on salt and you could probably care less about oil; but put these ingredients together, fry them all up and you've got a lifelong monkey on your back. But you're not alone. Potato chips are the nation's archetypal junk food—the cornerstone of the crunch movement and the most popular snack food anyone's ever been able to sell the American public.

Potato chips are a big business, but an anachronistic one in that the local manufac-

They also don't live very long. Potato chips are best when they're fresh, and preservatives have basically become a thing of the past in the business since the gains made by the "natural style" chips of the early '70s. Probably the most important reason the big boys are also-rans is fierce consumer loyalty to local brands.

Remember the beer business decades ago when every hamlet was proud of their minor-league baseball team, volunteer fire department and brewery? That's the way things still are, for the most part, in the wonderful world of potato chips. Why else would a sane person wear an I NIBBLED WITH GIBBLE'S T-shirt like the kind offered on ev-

been on the upswing ever since, not only in Chicago but in Milwaukee, too, where the invading Jay's has become the number one chip in beer city, as well as in other key neighboring markets including Michigan and Indiana. Jim Jurgensen, director of purchasing for Jay's, says the secret of his "can't stop eating 'em" product's success is familiarity with the flavor and the use of 100 percent corn oil in the frying process. Jay's is a no-frills kind of chip that, according to some clever copy recently added to the packaging, was "natural long before it was natural to be 'natural.'" We'll munch to that.

Speaking of frills, check out Lips Chips from—where else?—Los Angeles. A triumph of status-conscious packaging and soft-core sex appeal, Lips Chips are the most

POTATO-CHIP ADDICTION AS AMERICANA

JUST CHIPPING

BY BOB MERLIS

turer—known in the trade as a chipper—is the rule rather than the exception. In fact, Lay's is the only truly nationally distributed chip in the land. There are over 200 local chippers whose territory ranges from regions containing over half our population to mom-and-pop operations that confine their selling areas to a reasonable walking distance from the fryer. The business is so huge that over 13 percent of the annual crop of 36.5 billion pounds of potatoes ends up in chip form; you can figure out how many billions of pounds of spuds end up swimming in boiling oil for yourself—our calculator hasn't been the same since we tried converting Death Valley temperatures from Fahrenheit to Celsius.

Why, then, hasn't some savvy conglomerate come to dominate this obviously lucrative and growing industry? Aside from the aforementioned Lay's (Frito-Lay division of Pepsico), no one has made a serious attempt for a number of reasons. The underlying prohibiting economic factor is that potato chips aren't all that mobile. Their volume-to-weight ratio is such that they take up more room than they're worth to carry in your average semi or freight car.

ery bag of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania's, Nibble with Gibble's potato chips? While some *auslanders* might think you're into a new perversion of which you're quite proud, the truth is more likely that you think the cooked-in-lard flavor of NWG's is something really special.

What about America's second city? Yes, that toddlin' town has more to blow its horn about than the late mayor and the Picasso at City Hall. They've got Jay's, the biggest regional chipper in America's heartland. Jay's, which enjoys an incredible 65 percent market share in Chicagoland (take that, Pepsico!), is more than the slogan "a pip of a chip" lets on. We're talking a way of life here. Take it from electrical engineer Dave Turner, a displaced Chicagoan, who has been known to carry an empty suitcase home for the holidays so that he might fill it with boxes of Jay's to enjoy in Jay's-less Southern California. "In a city where excellence has always been measured in direct proportion to grease and salt, Jay's has always been the leader," he expounds.

Folks did more than expound on December 8, 1941; they trashed every box of Chicago's leading brand they could find. It came as no surprise that within one month of the destruction of the Pacific fleet, Leonard Japp, founder of Mrs. Japp's Potato Chips, changed the name of his product to the very Occidental-sounding Jay's. Business has

been popular of the boutique chips. Packaged in canisters and bags festooned with Magritte-inspired parted lips and clouds artwork, L.C.'s include a gushy rundown on how they're made and a treatise on the "proper etiquette for savoring Lips Chips." Listen, we'll ask when we forget how to eat potato chips, even the kind you find in shops that specialize in those deco-style ashtrays. On the other hand, there is a cachet of delicious decadence in serving a product whose slogan is "Wrap your lips around our chips." Liz Rosenberg, a New York public relations executive who often has her Lips airfreighted to Manhattan from West Hollywood, confirms the theory: "The packaging is beautiful; it has the psychological effect of having you believe you're getting a higher-quality chip."

Just getting on the style-over-content bandwagon is Northern California's Buffalo Chips. They're a handmade, gourmet potato chip packaged in an ersatz Old West style, in an apparent effort to cash in on the current cowboy craze. So far we haven't run into any Punk Chips—we guess they would be crumbled, mixed with glass and sold in trash bags held together with safety pins and barbed wire.

The hottest new chip trend these days is the Hawaiian style, or Maui chip. For the

most part, these are batch-fried—only 300 pounds at a time—with the spuds wearing their jackets; they are also usually sliced a bit thicker than their mainland counterparts. Due to transport problems, few chips of true island origin find their way to any of the 48 contiguous states. Wiki Wikis come from exotic Carson, California, and many local chippers have added, or are pondering adding, a Hawaiian-style product to their expanding lines of grooved dip chips, barbecue-, onion-, and garlic-and-sour-cream-flavored chips.

Chances are none come close to the *ne plus ultra* standards of the true Maui chips from Kitch'n Cook'd, made by hand in Kahului. So prized are these chips, with their almost baked-potato flavor, that they are even difficult to obtain in Honolulu. Shep Gordon, manager of Blondie, Alice Cooper and

truck," says Charles's route man, Martyn Glover, who is quite used to being flagged down by strung-out customers who hurl themselves at his van as he makes his rounds on the streets of Los Angeles.

Potato chips, like potatoes, logically enough, contain starch. The starch content of a given brand of potato chips depends on how thoroughly the potatoes are washed before frying. New Era of Detroit claims to be "as starch free as a chip can be."

That excess starch doesn't just go down the drain. According to Perfect Potato Chips' vice-president in charge of production, Rick Daniel, waste starch is reclaimed from their Decatur, Illinois, plant and

named "Aunt" Katie Weeks accidentally dropped a piece of chipped potato into some boiling oil in which she had intended to deep-fry crullers. Saratoga Chips, as they were then called, were instantly more popular than crullers and were sold for 10 cents per cornucopia, the bag having not yet been invented. Heirs of robber baron Cornelius Vanderbilt have been claiming some involvement on the part of their forebear in the development of the Saratoga Chip. Don't believe them; it was Aunt Katie who in July of 1853 came up with the product that's now just about as big as sliced bread. Don't let anybody tell you different—even if they've got money.

Now you're ready for the true potato-chip junkie's pilgrimage. Take the word of Pittsburgh attorney Bruce Wolf, who advises a trip down Route 40 from Union-



Richard Pan

Teddy Pendergrass, is a Kitch'n Cook'd connoisseur; so is Rob Reiner and a whole cult of Hollywood luminaries. Despite offers by various investors to buy out the company and increase its capacity, the likelihood of this ever happening is infinitesimal; Kitch'n Cook'd is staying where it is, so you'll just have to be content with the locally produced surrogate varieties.

Tired of bundling up and trekking down to the local supermarket for another fix of chips? Why not consider home delivery? Charles Chips of Mountville, Pennsylvania, maintains an elaborate nationwide network of 300 franchised distributors who bring when you ring. One of the key attractions of the Charles chip is that it comes in a return-for-deposit (\$1.20) can that keeps Charlie's fresh and crisp for quite a while, even under adverse atmospheric conditions. Don Gratz, vice-president for sales at Charles's, confides that "Florida is a great market for us because of the humidity." He estimates that his company has put over 50 million cans in circulation since they started chipping 40 years ago. "People become addicted to the product and they can't help themselves when they see the

shipped off to be used as a bonding agent in certain high-gloss papers. Could this very page be the result of a destarched potato chip? We can't say for certain, but the possibility is a distinct one.

Sometimes your reason for loyalty to a chip can be rationalized. Take the case of Mary Anne Campagna, manager of the hit British rock group the Pretenders. Mary Anne's mom in Buffalo, New York, regularly ships bags of locally made Dan Dee potato chips to her daughter's Venice, California, apartment. Does Mary Anne favor Dan Dee because she's sentimental about the chips she grew up on? She'll only state, very matter-of-factly, that her Dan Dee loyalty is based on the fact that "they're thin and real salty and they usually have no big brown spots." Believe her if you want to.

The way to cope with potato-chip addiction is not to go cold turkey. That would be too painful and total recovery is almost unheard of. No, the way to cope with PCA is to indulge yourself. Stuff a Bon Ton (York, Pa.) into your yap; scarf a State Line (Wilbraham, Mass.); try some Tri-Sums (Mount Wachusett, Mass.) and eat a Better Maid (Detroit). Feel better?

Stewart's are the only chips currently made in Saratoga Springs, New York, the city where America's first chips were invented . . . well, they were actually discovered. The history book says that a cook

town, Pennsylvania, to Hopwood, where you can't miss Ruse's Roost: A roadside stand that COOKS POTATO CHIPS TO ORDER while you wait. The warm chips "rival oral sex as an eating experience," according to the normally staid legal eagle. Or consider a trip to Watertown, Wisconsin, where Pagel's Bakery cooks up a few chips every day and packages them in a hand-stapled wax-paper bag. They've got a bit wider distribution than Ruse's; you can buy a bag of Pagel's not only at the bakery but at the malt shop next door as well.

The next time you rip open a bag of Granny Goose (San Francisco), Freshies (Seattle), Go Blue (Ann Arbor), Golden Flake (Birmingham, Ala.), Grippo's (Cincinnati), Boyd (Lynn, Mass.), Kuntz (Xenia, Ohio), Lance (Charlotte, N.C.), Mann's (Acton, Mass.), Terrell's (Syracuse, N.Y.), Vincent's (Salem, Mass.), Wise (Berwick, Pa.), Vitner's (Loves Park, Ill.), Buckeye (Columbus, Ohio), Chickadee (Whatley, Mass.), Crispy's (Tucson) or Dentler's (San Antonio), take a moment to think about those billions of pounds of potatoes, those billions of gallons of oil, those oceans full of salt. Then stop thinking and shove those grease-laden, starch-choked, sodium-laced chips down your throat. Face it, you're hooked and you love it. □

LAST WORDS

by Tom Ahern

It was opening day at Free-town's Fremont High.

In the Biology Lab, Miss Janey, voted Most Popular Teacher and really everybody's favorite, the epitome of thankless virtue, a fountain of natural modesty, was having cigarettes snuffed out on her humid behind.

Right next door, Mr. Veubo sat bound to a chair atop his desk, leather pear-gag strapped in his mouth, his trousers around his ankles, hoisted à pétard.

Down in Home Economics things were being discussed over coffee. Its two instructors, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Jevicki, were flailed, tied with gay, printed piping, Mrs. Jones superior, in an Empire-style soixante-neuf. Each licked student creations from the other's dish.

Over in the Principal's Office the entire Future Farmers club takes turns with a cattle prod—jabbing old Smuckey's prostate—18 times!

Upstairs in Art Homeroom, Mr. Slade hosed his kiln. Sweet Nancy Pike chews at his prick with edgeless scissors, pinching the skin.

The Chemistry Lab has the ancient Miss Bellevue hung by her ankles, her bloomers gone, up with the flag where they belong. Steve Johnson on bicycle pump, proving a point. Her wig is parting company, while cunt urps are produced.

The school nurse, What's Her Face, was taped to her cot, a tongue depressor tied in "Say ah" position. Taking teen after teen injection.

Not to be forgotten—behind closed doors in the Teachers' Lounge—teachers' pets all in a line stooped beneath the whip to sip from the toilet, still warm and fizzy with Calucci's piss.

In English 401 Mr. Mayer couldn't speak for an unusual reason.

"By damn," chorused Mr. Foubere and Miss Palmer of Romance, tightly diapered in sandwich wrap, "this is the age of bowels speaking vowels—when enemas fly like cannonballs fired through a barrel of pudding." □

TEACHERS IN BONDAGE

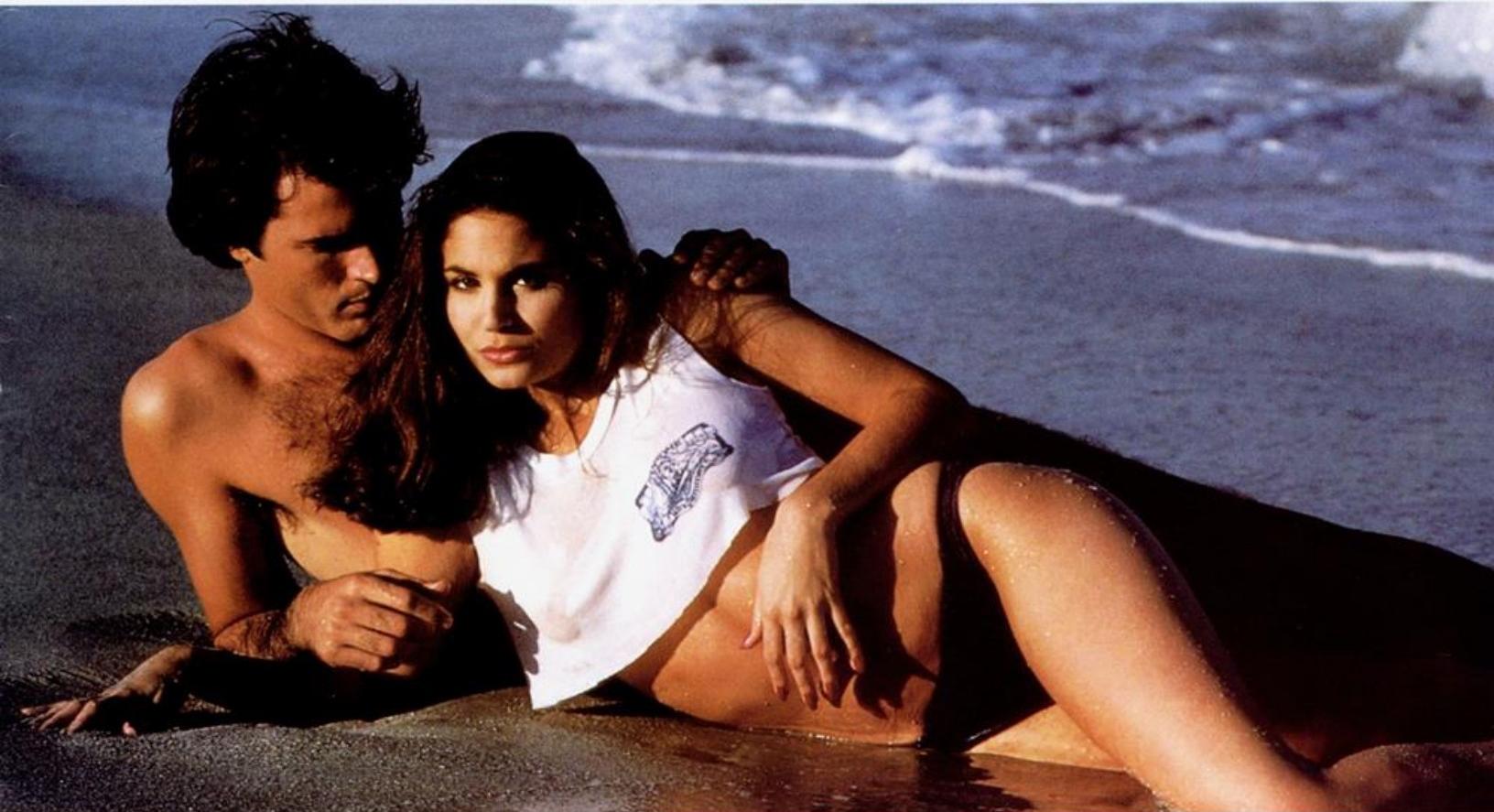


Curt Hoppe

If you think the days are sinful, wait until you taste the nights.

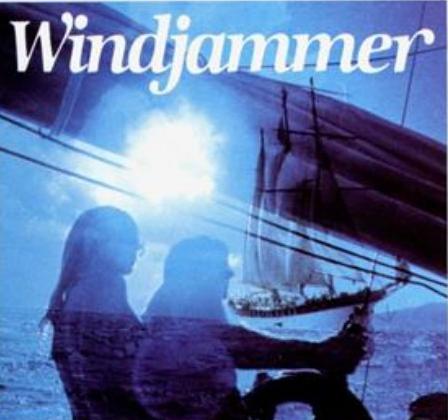
There is something about the sea and salt air and skies thick with starlight and lots of well-tanned skin that would probably be declared illegal on land. But it's simply the natural follow-up to an adventure-filled day, a day of newly discovered beaches, of sparkling clear water, coral and tropical fish. Bloody Mary's for breakfast, frosty

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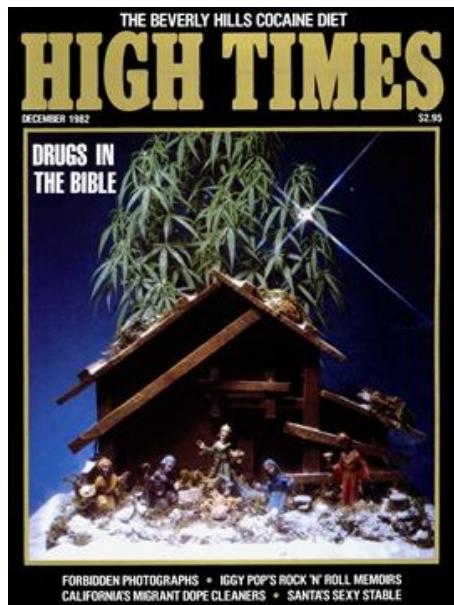
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DECEMBER 1982



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